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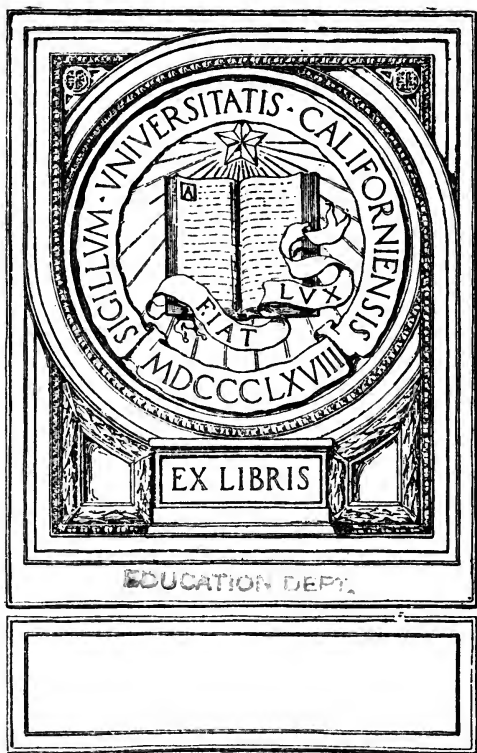
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STORIES

OF

ANCIENT PEOPLES

BY

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STORIES OF ANCIENT PEOPLES.

W. P. 2

EDUCATION DEPT.

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PREFACE

THIS little volume is intended as supplementary reading for schools. It does not claim to be more than a series of sketches, leaflets from the inexhaustible record book of the ancient past.

It is hoped that these sketches will prove an interesting and stimulating preliminary to the study of ancient Oriental history, and, by thus leading back to the infancy of nations, incite to investigation in the fascinating field of prehistoric archæology, the first Act in the great Life Drama of mankind.

Although the chapters of this book do not form a continued narrative, they will have their full meaning only if read in the order in which they are placed. I have endeavored to bring out the salient points in each national character, and by contrasting one with another, make it easier for youthful students to retain a separate picture of each.

The list of reference books will prove useful to many teachers. It contains a selection of the best works up to the present date. I have consulted all of these and many others in the preparation of this book. The numbers

following quotations refer to the numbered list of authorities, page 227, but not in all cases to the particular books mentioned in the list.

Names will be found divided and accented in the index.

E. J. A.

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STORIES OF ANCIENT PEOPLES

THE EGYPTIANS

WHO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS WERE

I

IN a long, narrow valley in the northeast corner of the great African continent, there once lived an ancient people, who for many thousands of years were a great and powerful nation. The very first glimpse we get of them takes us far, far back into the past,—to a bygone time, more than four thousand years before Jesus Christ was born; that is, nearly six thousand years ago.

Who were these people? They styled themselves *romet qemt*, “Men of Kent”—“*Kemt*” meaning the “Black Land.” We call them the “ancient Egyptians.” With perhaps one exception, they are the very oldest people we know anything about; that is to say, with them we must begin the history of the world.

Now the land in which the ancient Egyptians dwelt is a very peculiar and interesting one. The great river Nile enters it from the south and courses along for many hundreds of miles between two deserts. Every year, in midsummer, this river becomes a mighty torrent, a flood of waters which overflow the banks. Then the black mud

brought by the waters from afar is spread out on each side of the river bed, and makes a fertile, productive soil.

Thus, inch by inch, through century after century, has been formed the "land" of Egypt, the gift of its mighty river. From the outer edges of the black belt



stretch desert wastes of sandy mountains, and barren hills and hollows. A part of the black mud, carried along to the sea-coast, and dropped at the mouth of the river, has formed a huge triangle of land called the "Delta of the Nile." In many thousands of years this delta has grown far out into the sea.

Now it is supposed that the first Egyptians, at a period so very, very far back that we know not

when it was, left their ancestral home, which was perhaps in Arabia or some other part of southwestern Asia, and journeyed west, wandering toward the land of the setting sun. There they found a home on the banks of the Nile. Life became easy for them. The rich, black, muddy soil needed only to be scratched up with a stick, and the grain

scattered upon it soon sprouted forth in the warm sunlight, and flowered, producing from the single kernel cast upon the ground a hundred or more grains in return.

So the Egyptians did not need to work very hard to get bread to eat. One thing they soon learned to do: they must build and keep in good repair embankments and canals to regulate the overflow of their great river.

As time passed on, the descendants of these primitive Egyptians forgot all about the country from which their ancestors had come. They believed that the Nile valley had always been the home of their people. They had a notion that Egypt must be the center of the earth, and of more importance than any other part of it. The earth they thought was flat, and shaped somewhat like an ellipse. All around the edge were lofty mountains, surrounded by a heavenly river. No one had ever seen this river, but the Egyptians believed firmly in its existence, and that a celestial bark was borne along upon its waters supporting the great disk of the sun, which in this manner made the circuit of the earth once in twenty-four hours.

When the sun set, it was supposed that boat and all had only disappeared for a while behind one of the mountains. As the Egyptians believed the sun to be a god, or the abode of a god, his rising and setting was a matter of great concern to them.

The Egyptians were never able to find the source of their great river. The place where its waters began to flow was unknown. In speculating upon this matter, they finally decided that the Nile must be a branch of the heavenly river, and that it descended upon the earth through a cleft in the mountains of the south.

Hence the Egyptians "oriented" in this direction; that is, in reckoning the points of the compass, they faced the south, calling the right hand the west, and the left hand the east,—just the opposite way from which we reckon. The south was always sacred to them; for beyond it, in the region which had never been explored, lay a fabulous and blessed country, *Ta-neret*, the "Land of the Gods."

As to the sky, they could not imagine it otherwise than a solid vault. Some believed that this vault rested upon four pillars placed at the corners; others, that it was supported by the summits of the distant mountains.

The Egyptians, who used a very interesting system of pictorial letters and syllables (about which you will read later on), had among these a dainty little figure to represent the word "night."



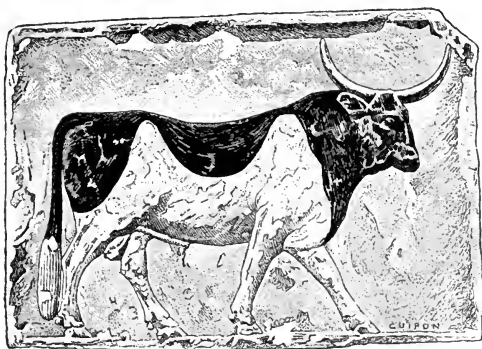
This shows the arched dome of the sky, over which a rope is thrown, with a star suspended from the end. Now the Egyptians believed that the stars were like lamps. In fact, they used the same word for "star" and "lamp." As they could not conceive how the stars were kept from falling out of the sky, they invented the rope system to keep them in place. Such bright and lovely objects must be the abodes of heavenly beings. The ropes enabled these beings to pull their dwellings up and down at pleasure.

II

The Egyptians worshiped a great many gods. Their religion was what we call "polytheism." They made gods of the sun, the moon, the stars, the Nile, and also a

great many animals which they held sacred. And was it any wonder that these simple pagans worshiped the great River, when it was so good to them? They wrote beautiful hymns to their gods. The Nile god was called *Hapi*, the "Hidden One."

Each year, at the time of the inundation, when the waters first began to rise, a great festival was held in honor of the god of the Nile. From all parts of Egypt,



SACRED BULL (*Apis*)

from the Delta to the Cataracts, flocked crowds of people, and, headed by their priests, went in procession to the river bank, to the sound of music, and the chanting of hymns.

"Hail to thee, Hapi!" they sang, "who descendeth upon earth, and giveth life unto Egypt. Thou who art hidden in the unknown,—whose waters spread upon the fields which the Sun god hath created. Who giveth life to all that are athirst. Thou, the Creator of corn, the Maker of barley—do thy waters cease to flow, then are all mankind in misery; and when thou wanest in heaven, the gods themselves and all living things perish."

So the pagan Egyptians had an idea that by praying to the Nile god, they could persuade him to send them a good inundation, for well they knew that if the waters failed to

overflow (which sometimes happened), there would be dire famine in the land.

One of the curious customs of the ancient Egyptians was the way in which they buried their dead. They made mummies of them. When a person died, his body



WRAPPING THE MUMMY

was carefully embalmed. This was an exceedingly complicated process, often requiring two or three months. First, the internal organs were removed, and, although the Egyptians regarded this as a very necessary process, it is said that the men who did it were held in such abhorrence and odium, that when their work was completed they were stoned away from the premises.

After the body had lain for seventy days in an embalming fluid, the priests commenced their part of the task. Now began the wrapping of the dead man in yard after yard of linen bandages, which had been steeped in gums, resins, and sweet-smelling spices, and smeared with glue. Over each member, even each finger and toe, as they wrapped it up, the priests recited prayers and magic charms. These were supposed to help the dead man get to heaven. The finger nails were stained with henna, and on the little finger of the left hand was placed a ring

mounted with a scarab, the image of a kind of beetle which the Egyptians worshiped. This ring was also to help along in the other world. Where the dead man's heart had been, they placed another large scarab with a prayer engraved upon it.

Each bandage had its own special name, and its own special incantation, and the priests were obliged to place it exactly where it ought to go. It was inscribed with figures of the god who watched over that particular member of the body. Woe to the dead man if the wrong god was put in charge of the wrong member! It might have very uncomfortable consequences in the world to come.

The dead person was laid away with all his finery, and magic jewels of various kinds were buried with him, to enable him to contend against the monsters which would be on the alert to attack his soul as soon as it entered their realm. And thus equipped, and fully armed against ghosts and goblins, the mummy was ready for its first coffin.

This was shaped to fit and painted in gorgeous colors. Sometimes it had a full-length picture, made to look as near like the dead person as possible, with gilded face and inlaid eyes which were very lifelike. At the foot was painted a picture of the Egyptian goddess *Nut*. She represented the sky, and her form was studded with stars.



A COFFIN CASE

On the coffin case of King *Men-kau-ra*, builder of one of the pyramids of Gizeh, who lived about five thousand years ago, this picture of Nut had the in-

scription: "Thy mother Nut (*i.e.* the sky) spreads herself over thee, in her name of heavenly mystery. She grants thee to be a god, subduing thine enemies, O King Menkau-ra, living eternally."

A rich man's coffin was put into a stone sarcophagus and placed in the tomb, which was generally a long way underground. The Egyptians blocked the entrances to their tombs with huge masses of broken stone, to guard against robbery. Oftentimes valuable articles were buried with the mummy, — gold, silver, and precious stones. But precaution was in vain; what man had hidden, man could find, and tombs were frequently rifled of their valuables.

The dead man was supposed to want to eat and drink, and do all the things in another world which he had done while alive. So the Egyptians, who imagined that he had power to do all sorts of wicked things to them if he was



THE SOUL VISITING THE BODY

not kept in good humor, buried with the mummy weapons, tools, and dishes. In quite early times, before they were very much civilized, they placed food in the tomb; but in later years it occurred to them that, as the man was a kind of ghost, as it were, clay and stone images of food would do just as

well and last longer. Finally they went so far as to substitute pictures of food, which were painted on the

walls of the tomb. The dead man was supposed to satisfy his hunger by merely looking at them. That part of a deceased person which ate and drank was called his *Ka*.

The Egyptians believed that the soul (*Ba*) of a man sometimes visited his body after death. They tried to imagine what it was like, and pictured it under many forms, sometimes as a sparrow hawk with a human head. Some tomb paintings represent this little birdlike soul flying down the tomb shaft to visit the body in which it had formerly dwelt. The Egyptians took the most scrupulous care in embalming the body, because they imagined that the soul would perish if its earthly dwelling place went to decay.

III

The Egyptians were the wisest nation of their times, except perhaps one other, which dwelt far away from them by the Euphrates River. They had made a start in almost every line of learning, inventing many things—tools, weapons, and household utensils; they learned to spin and weave, they invented an alphabet, they discovered how to make glass and clay dishes, and they did fine work in stone, gold, silver, and copper.

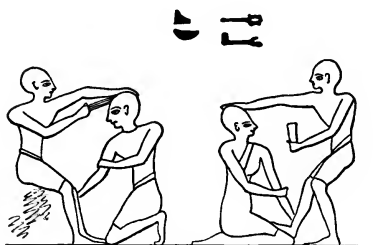
The Egyptians had also begun to be astronomers, having observed that the sun every year reaches certain points on the horizon and then returns again. From this discovery they finally succeeded in forming a year of 365 days, divided into 12 months of 30 days each, and a “little month” of 5 days.

They also discovered that certain stars move, while

others do not. They imagined them to be the dwelling places of gods, and called them "the spirits which never move and the spirits which never rest."

Egyptian doctors practiced medicine, but in this practice they resorted very much to magic. They had curious ideas about the inside of the human body. They imagined that the "breaths of life" entered at the right ear and the "breaths of death" at the left. From the ears these "breaths" were carried to the heart, which distributed them over the body.

Egyptian doctors mixed their own medicines, compounded of almost every substance that can be swallowed. They had an idea, as some have nowadays,



DOCTORS AND PATIENTS

that the worse a medicine tasted, and the more there was in a dose, the more likely it would be to make a cure.

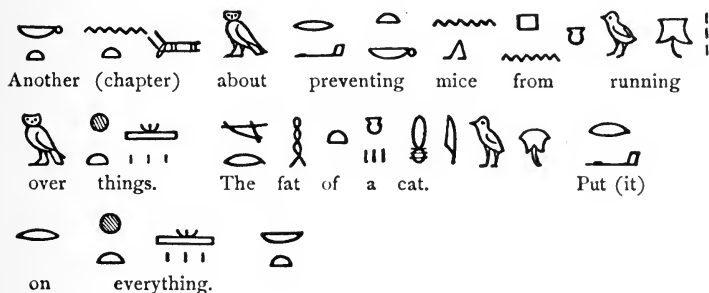
So they boiled up horrible messes of flesh, gall, blood, hair, and horns of animals, lizards,

beetles, bats, frogs, mice, and other animals. Such compounds were sweetened with honey, and inflicted upon the unfortunate sick person. A venerable Egyptian work on medicine, now known as the "Ebers Papyrus," written about three thousand years ago, has many such disagreeable concoctions. One poultice has thirty-five different substances in it. And the poor sick man was not only obliged to swallow vile messes, he must submit to magic charms and incantations. The Ebers Papyrus says, "The incanta-

tions are good for the remedies, and the remedies are good for the incantations."

Medicine, according to the Egyptians, was not invented by man, but was a divine gift. The gods themselves had always needed it. The Sun god once took cold, and suffering from an attack of "grippe," Thoth, the god of wisdom, was called in as attending physician. We possess the magic formula which this ancient doctor recited when he gave the remedy: "Depart, thou son of a cold! Thou who breakest the bones, destroyest the skull, and makest ill the seven openings of the head!"

Egyptian doctors also made up recipes for keeping vermin out of the house, and various toilet preparations.



RECIPE TO KEEP AWAY MICE

From the Ebers Papyrus, 3500 years old (hieroglyphic transcription)

There are recipes in the Ebers Papyrus for preventing the hair from turning gray. "The blood of a black calf, cooked in oil,—a salve." Another, "Two parts of blood, horn of a black cow, warm it up for a salve." In these recipes the color of the animal was evidently supposed to influence in some mysterious way the pigment cells of the human hair.

IV

The Egyptians were able to calculate weights and measures quite accurately. They had a decimal system, that is, they counted by tens. We may be sure that they began this when they were savages by counting on their ten fingers. That is the way all savages begin to count—as children do.

But the Egyptians were never able to imagine a fraction with a numerator larger than 1. They could not say, for instance, $\frac{2}{5}$, or $\frac{4}{9}$, but placed simple fractions side by side, two or more, as the case required; thus, they represented $\frac{2}{5}$ by $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, or $\frac{4}{9}$ by $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{9}$, and in like manner other similar fractions.

We have some examples of mental arithmetic questions given to Egyptian schoolboys several thousands of years ago. They are quaintly expressed. For example: "To reckon the produce of a herdsman. Behold, this herdsman has come to the stock-taking with 70 oxen. This reckoner of the oxen says to this herdsman: 'Very fine are the heads of oxen you are contributing. What is the whole number of your heads of oxen of various kinds?' 'I am contributing to you $\frac{1}{1\frac{1}{2}}$ of $\frac{1}{3}$ of the oxen you have committed to me. I have reckoned, and I found that I had completed my contribution.'"

Another example: "I enter 3 times into a *heqat*, my third added to me. I return. It is filled. Who is it that says this?" This problem in plain English would be: $3\frac{1}{3}x = \text{heqat}$, what is x ? A *heqat* was a corn measure.

Egyptian schoolmasters used in their questions one of the little pictorial symbols which mean so much, even

when only looked at. This figure was a bird seeking or picking up something from the ground. It was pronounced *kem*. At the beginning of a problem it meant "find," and at the end "found," to indicate that the answer had been obtained.



It took the Egyptians many hundreds of years to get all the knowledge which they finally gained. There was nobody to teach them. They made many trials and many mistakes; but if they sometimes failed, on the other hand, they often succeeded. In addition, they were a kindly, merry-tempered people, and not very warlike. Although obliged, at times, to carry on extended campaigns, they much preferred to till their fields, reap their abundant harvests, and live quiet and happy lives on the banks of their "Sacred River."



WHAT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS BUILT

I

THE valley of the Nile is like a great museum, in which is safely stored away the product of six thousand years and more of Egyptian life. Not half its treasures have been unearthed. The desert sands, drifting, drifting, year after year, have slowly covered up the old cities, and the cemeteries where lie concealed the ancient dead. The very cities themselves have helped in the matter of their own concealment.

For the common people of ancient Egypt, like their modern descendants, built their little huts of Nile mud.

They mixed it with chopped straw and fashioned it into bricks, which were then dried in the sun. Now such houses cannot be durable. The hot sun bakes them and they crumble, and the least rainfall washes them away. Fortunately it does not often rain in Egypt.

To repair such dwellings is useless. When one gets so far gone that people cannot live in it, the proprietor just levels it off, and builds anew upon its ruins. You can see that by such a process, repeated for hundreds or thousands of years, the ground will grow higher and higher. This is what has happened in Egypt. The last cities stand perched upon mounds more or less lofty, many feet above the first level.

These mounds are like gigantic graves, in which the dead bones of old cities lie buried. Sometimes they are mere earth heaps, sometimes they have modern towns or villages upon them, and occasionally, as in the Delta, they are covered over with grass or growing crops. Underneath, far out of sight, lie hidden thousands of years of Egyptian history, the story of a vanished people.

Now it is very interesting work to dig upon the site of an old city. First, because the ancient Egyptians wrote no books of history, and digging up a mound, or exploring a tomb, is almost the only way to find out about the lives of these interesting people. A mound in Egypt is a vast rubbish heap, where the spade turns up fragments of clay dishes, tools, weapons, household utensils, sculptured stones, vases, weights, and even jewelry and children's toys. Thousands of little scarabs come to light. These are tiny clay, stone, or metal images of the scarabæus, a small black beetle, which the Egyptians held sacred.

The scarabs were worn in rings, or suspended as charms around the neck, and almost always placed upon the mummies. They were also used as seals, the owner's name being cut upon them in hieroglyphic letters. When a man wished to sign a document, he stamped it with his scarab.

But the most interesting work of all is among the ruins of temples and tombs. Egyptian temples were built of stone, and have not gone to utter ruin like the dwelling houses. An Egyptian regarded his tomb as a much more important building than his house. For the house was but a temporary abode, a "wayside inn,"—in the tomb he expected to dwell forever. It was built in the most substantial manner, and decorated as richly with paintings and statues as his means would allow.

II

The tomb of a rich man in ancient Egypt had its walls covered with hieroglyphic writing, interspersed with pictures, the whole painted in gorgeous colors. The hieroglyphics perhaps related the biography of the dead man, telling about his great deeds, enumerating his titles and the offices he had held, or boasting of his virtues. At one side, near the entrance where it could be easily seen, or upon a tablet set up against the wall, was a supplication to visitors to bring plenty of food for his *Ka*, or to pray that it might have plenty to eat, which the later Egyptians imagined would do just as well.

"O ye who live upon the earth, all mortals, all priests, all scribes who enter this tomb, if you love life, and wish to know not death, if you would win the favor of the gods,

and desire not to taste the terrors of the other world, then say: 'May the gods grant thousands of jars of wine, thousands of loaves of bread, thousands of geese, thousands of beeves, thousands of packets of incense, to the Ka of Antef.' " This Antef, whose Ka would thus be, as he supposed, so amply and surely provided for, lived about five thousand years ago.

Now the Egyptians seem to have been very fearful that the Ka would after all perish, in spite of the fine meals painted for it in the tomb. The Ka was supposed to be just like the dead person, exactly resembling him in form and feature. In fear lest it might be annihilated, the Egyptians took to making Ka statuettes of stone or pottery. Over these the sorcerers or priests recited magic charms, which were supposed in some unexplained way to endow the tiny images with a sort of ghostlike life.

They were then put into the tomb and walled up in a place by themselves. A small opening was left, that the Kas might get at the food. When no one was by, they were supposed to come out and feast on the good things provided by pious relatives and friends. Naturally, the greater number of Ka statues there were, the better it was for the spiritual Ka. The little boxlike abodes of the Kas are called *serdabs*. Thousands of little statuettes have been taken out of them.

There was another curious burial custom. As I have already said, the Egyptians believed that a man would pursue just the same occupations in another world as in this. If he was rich and owned much land, the tomb paintings picture him tilling the celestial fields, sailing on the heavenly canals, fishing, hunting, etc. Now

it occurred to the ancient Egyptians that a man would need servants to aid in all this. So hundreds of little stone or clay statuettes were put into his coffin, or strewn over the floor of the tomb. On each one was engraved an imaginary conversation between the man and these servants.

"O *ushabti* figures, if the deceased [meaning himself] is decreed to do any work whatsoever in the underworld, may all obstacles in his path be cast down." Each little statue servant answers, "Here am I, ready when thou callest." Then the dead man says: "O ye figures, be ye ever watchful to work, — to plow and sow the fields, to fill with water the canals, and to carry sand from the east to the west." The figures reply, "Here am I, ready when thou callest." These statuettes were called *ushabti*, because they "responded," that being the old Egyptian word for "respond."

III

Three or four thousand years ago Thebes was the greatest city of Egypt, perhaps of the world. There the Egyptians built mighty temples to the gods, and ornamented them in the most costly and magnificent manner. The drifting sands of centuries have overwhelmed them, and time has wrought havoc with their stately beauty, but even in the ruin and desolation of to-day, they arouse the wonder and admiration of the world.

One immense Theban temple was built for the worship of *Amen-Ra*, the great Sun god. It is now called the Temple of Karnak. It covered acres of ground. Twenty-one Pharaohs built at it, at intervals, during more than eighteen hundred years.

Here a king named Seti I. reared an immense hall, whose roof was upheld by 134 columns. Twelve of these are over 60 feet high and 36 feet around. Six men, with extended arms, and fingers touching, could scarcely span one of these columns, each of which casts a shadow 12 feet broad. Into this hall you might put the very largest

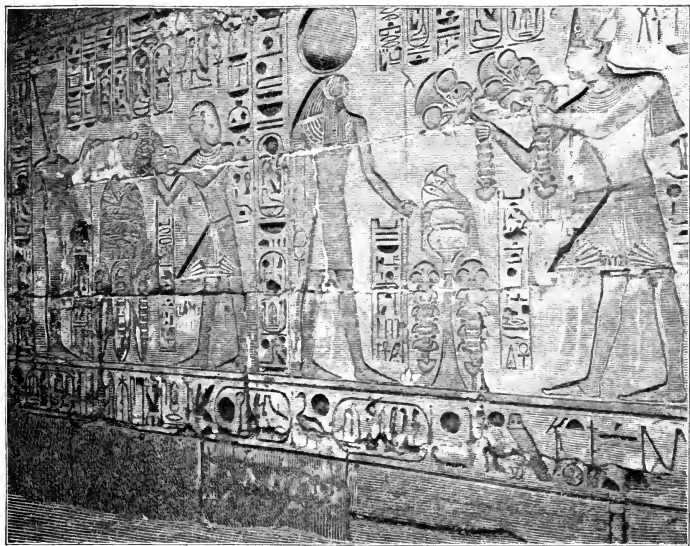


RUINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT LUXOR

of our churches, and have plenty of room to spare. Yet it was only a portion of this great temple, on whose roofless walls we can still see wonderful battle scenes and records of wars, carved in gigantic hieroglyphics.

The great "Hypostyle Hall" of Seti I., as it is called, was finished by his son Ramses II., and it is interesting to know the architect who superintended the work, and

planned at least a part of the hall. And we not only know his name, *Bek-en-Khonsu* (servant of the god Khonsu), but we can actually look upon his statue, which was found about seventy years ago at Thebes, and is now in the Museum at Munich. It was more than three thousand years ago that Bek-en-Khonsu lived and labored at Thebes.



WALL SCULPTURES AT KARNAK

Across the river from ancient Thebes was its cemetery, as unlike our burial grounds as possible, for it was a city in itself. It had a governor, a system of police, and numberless priests and officials of all sorts. Many immense royal funerary temples reared their walls above the private tombs. Each temple had its stables, lofts, granaries, and kitchen and fruit gardens. So many services were held

in honor of the dead, that all these buildings were necessary.

In the court of one large temple stood a statue of the great Pharaoh Ramses II. This statue weighed nearly nine hundred tons. The ears were each three feet three inches long. This king, being exceedingly fond of statues



COLOSSAL STATUES NEAR THEBES

to himself, often stole the statues of kings who had preceded him and caused his own name to be engraved upon them.

You would think the Theban statue was huge enough to satisfy any king, but in the year 1884 there were discovered at Tanis, an ancient ruined city in the Delta of Egypt, the fragments of a still more gigantic statue of Ramses II. He was indeed a monster, as he stood there

erect and crowned, 92 feet from top to toe, and 125 feet from the base of the pedestal to the tip of his headdress, fully 50 feet higher than our Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York. This stupendous giant was carved out of hard red granite. A later Pharaoh, living many centuries afterward, had broken him up, and made a gateway of him.

Every Egyptian temple had its obelisks, which were generally placed in front of the gateways. They were slender, towering masses of stone, taken in one single piece from the quarry. The

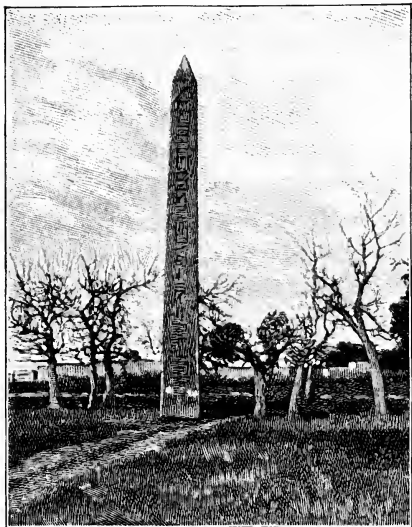
tops were often gilded, or covered with plates of bronze, and the sides adorned with pictures and hieroglyphics.

Many Egyptian obelisks have been carried away to other countries. In Rome there are thirty of them. The city of Paris has an immense one, which stands in a square called the "Place de la Concorde," on the spot where so many unhappy persons were executed by the guillotine during the first French Revolution. In London there is an obelisk on the Thames embankment; and we have the twin to it, which was brought over and placed in Central Park, New York, in 1881. It took about five months to lower it from its pedestal in Alexandria, Egypt, and the cost of removal was over \$100,000.



HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF RAMSES II.

This obelisk originally stood before the great temple of the Sun god at *On*, not far from Memphis, the first capital



OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS

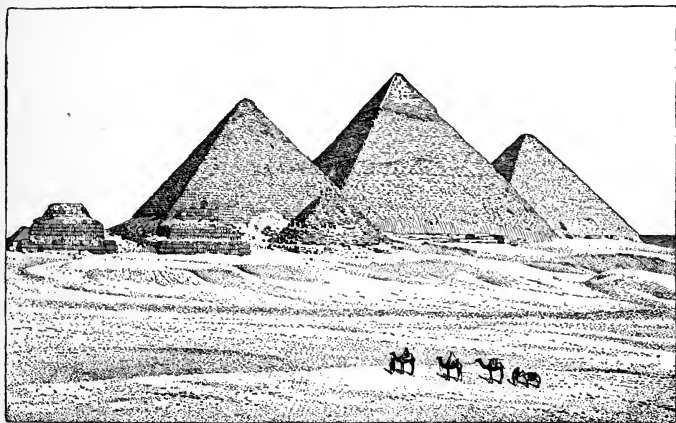
city of Egypt. This temple, which has been termed the "oldest university in the world," was probably where Moses learned the "wisdom of the Egyptians," and he must have gazed many times upon this very obelisk. That was more than three thousand years ago. Our obelisk weighs about 225 tons, and its hieroglyphics were originally gilded.

The obelisk represented above is still standing at Heliopolis (*On*). It was placed before the Temple of the Sun previous to the birth of Abraham.

IV

But of all the mighty monuments which the ancient Egyptians reared, the most stupendous and surprising are the pyramids. It does not seem as if such monsters could ever have been built by men. The largest and most elaborate are those in the cemetery of the ancient capital, Memphis, a city founded by *Men-a*, the first king of united Egypt.

Cheops, or *Khu-fu*, as his name is called in Egyptian, built the biggest tomb that was ever made. We call it the "Great Pyramid of Gizeh." After the manner of all Egyptian sovereigns, Khu-fu gave a name to his tomb. He called it *Akhet*, "The Lights," or perhaps "The Horizon." We are told that it took twenty years to finish it, a hundred thousand men working at it three months at a



PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH

time. A wall might be built around France with the stones which compose it.

For many years the entrance to this tomb could not be discovered. At last it was broken open, when it was found that the king's coffin and mummy had been stolen, doubtless thousands of years before. Nothing was left but the immense sarcophagus, which is still in its original position. The pyramids of Gizeh are on a bare stretch of desert land overlooking the Nile. When Abraham

journeyed into the land of Egypt they were already of great antiquity.

Now there is one monument in the cemetery of Memphis which is a great mystery. Some think it is only a monstrous idol, others believe it to be a royal tomb. We call it the "Great Sphinx of Gizeh." The Egyptians



THE GREAT SPHINX OF GIZEH

themselves called it the "image of the god *Khaper-Ra*," or "*Hor-em-akhu*," which means in English "Horus on the Horizon." This seems to agree with the idea that it was intended for an idol.

The Egyptians made many sphinxes. They were placed along the sides of avenues leading to the temples. But none of these ever came anywhere near

being so gigantic as the Great Sphinx. It is the huge figure of a man-headed lion. The body is 190 feet long, and is formed partly by a natural ledge of rock which protruded from the sand, and partly by bricks and plaster placed there by the ancient Egyptian workmen to give it the proper form. The head towers up 60 feet; the face is $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and the mouth large in propor-

tion. On the head was a royal crown 10 feet across, which was fitted into a hole in the head by a stem 7 feet long. Headdress and nose were broken off ages ago.

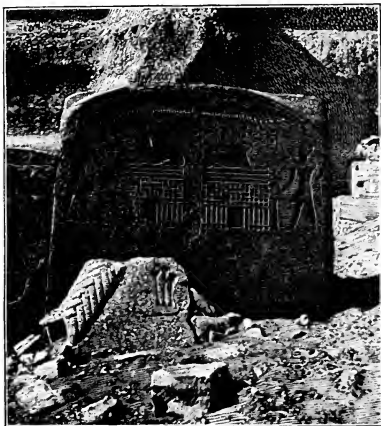
Now the Sphinx is still a mystery. Nobody knows when it was built, or who built it, but it is very likely as old as the



AVENUE OF SPHINXES

pyramids which are around it and perhaps older. Some explorations have been attempted from time to time. None have ever amounted to much except one which was undertaken by an Englishman about eighty years ago. He discovered between the paws of the huge lion a little temple with a story engraved upon one of its walls.

A far-away Egyptian prince, who afterward became king of the land, one day lay down to rest in the shadow of the Sphinx. Tired out from hunting under the burning sun and amid the whirling sands of the desert, he fell asleep and dreamed. And it seemed to him that the great



STELE OF THE SPHINX

god Kheper-Ra, whose lofty head towered above him, awakened from his sleep of centuries, and spoke unto him, "just as a father speaks to his son," with gracious words of promise and encouragement.

"Behold me, look upon me, thou, my son, *Tehuti-mes*. Thou shalt wear the white crown and the red crown; the world shall be thine, and rich

tribute from all nations. Long years shall be given thee as thy term of life.

"But the drifting sands have overwhelmed me. Promise me that thou wilt clear them away, then shall I know thee as my son and my helper."

Now Tehuti-mes, who was the fourth of his name, was obedient to his god, and when he came to the throne cleared away the sand and built a little temple where he could worship and sacrifice to his father, Kheper-Ra. He set up a stone slab to commemorate his dream and his vow, and it is this temple and this stone which were found

eighty years ago, after they had been buried out of sight more than three thousand years.*

A word must be said about Men-a, the first king of united Egypt. He built the great city of Memphis upon land which he gained by turning the river Nile out of its course. That was a great engineering work for nearly six thousand years ago.

Men-a was not born a king, being at first but a petty chieftain of Thinis, a little town in Upper Egypt. But he was ambitious. He conquered, one by one, all the other cities, and at last crowned himself with the double crown of the "White and the Red Land," the united kingdom of all Egypt. He must have been a talented man. Egypt, in after years, had many Pharaohs equally great.



NAME OF MEN-A

In the spring of 1897 there was discovered in Upper Egypt (*i.e.* toward the southern part of the country) a large tomb, supposed by some to be the tomb of Men-a. If not the tomb of Men-a himself, it was at least the last resting place of some ancient monarch who reigned at the very beginning of Egyptian history, as we now know it, and who died not many hundreds of years removed from Men-a's time.

The hieroglyphics of this tomb are uncouth and difficult to read. Not a single bit of metal was found in the tomb, and it is very probable that king, princes, and common people of this remote period of Egypt's history had to be satisfied with hatchets, ax heads, and arrows of flint

* This story has been elaborated by the author in *St. Nicholas*, February number, 1900.

stone. When the king died, his people placed beside his body (which was not mummified) large numbers of clay and stone jars containing food, ornaments of ivory and rare stones, and some rude attempts at sculpture. Then they set fire to the whole and attempted to burn up king and all. The charred remains of a skeleton which was taken out of the central chamber of the tomb can now be seen at the Museum of Gizeh.

This king was called *Aha*, the "Fighter." Thus much the hieroglyphics of his "banner name" have revealed to us. Most Egyptian kings had more than one name, and some claim that a second name, reading *Men* or *Mena*, can be deciphered upon a broken ivory plaque which was found in the chamber with the skeleton of Aha.



HOW THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS WROTE

PREHISTORIC PICTURES AND EGYPTIAN WRITING

I

AGES upon ages ago — so long ago that nobody knows just when it was — the early men of the human race were wandering about over the face of the earth. They had no fixed habitations, and no desire for any, — no knowledge and no care, but just to roam the trackless forests, or haunt the river banks in search of daily food. Hunters and fishers of the rudest kind, they used stones, sticks, and bones, picked up at random here and there, to

aid their own fists — the weapons which Nature had provided them.

By and by, some one savage, more intelligent and enterprising than his comrades, found out that by chipping, or smoothing, or pointing his weapons, he could make them do better work. He communicated this fact to his fellows, and they all fell to shaping their weapons, rudely at first, better and better as time passed, and generation succeeded generation.

These rude men sought shelter from the sun, the rain, or the cold wherever they could most readily find it. On the open plain they dug pits; in the forest, two stakes, stuck upright in the earth and covered with branches torn from the nearest tree, formed a rude hut. Elsewhere, overhanging cliffs and caverns hollowed in the rock were welcome shelters, ready-made to hand, and requiring no labor.

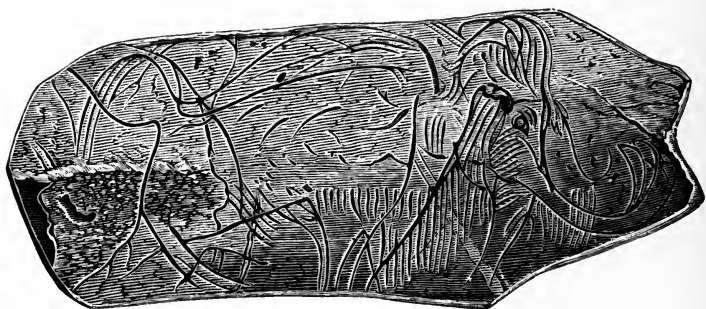
The cave men were mighty hunters. Necessity made them so. They were compelled to fight for food, oftentimes for their lives. Such were the "mighty men of old." With flint-tipped or bone-tipped spears and arrows they waged war against the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear and the cave lion, the hyena, and many other huge and formidable animals, immensely larger than any which now exist upon the earth. Vast herds of reindeer roamed over the plains. These they captured, using the flesh for food. The skins of their slaughtered prey were made into garments, sewn together with sinews threaded into bone needles.

These primitive men were on the lowest round of the ladder of learning, climbing up painfully and slowly.

They learned a very little at a time, for there was nobody to teach them. They did not yet know how to plow or plant, they could not make clay dishes, they had no domestic animals, neither could they spin or weave; yet they had begun to do one thing which we should hardly expect of such uncultured folk — they had begun to make *pictures*! Strange to say, these pictures were excellent ones, too.

Now pray do not imagine a cave man sitting before an easel, paint brush in hand and a box of colors at his elbow. Nothing of the kind. He sits cross-legged on the ground in the bright sunshine at the entrance of his cave; his canvas is a bit of bone from the antler of the deer speared in the last hunt, or a section of ivory hacked from a huge mammoth's tusk; his pencil is a flint stone, carefully chipped to a fine, sharp point.

With this awkward tool he cuts, and pecks, and carves his weapons and the few household utensils he owns, orna-



PICTURE OF A MAMMOTH, CARVED ON IVORY

menting them in a truly artistic manner. Now he makes a lifelike and spirited picture of a huge mammoth, stand-

ing up to his knees in thick jungle grass; then again a record of the last deer hunt, scratched on a smooth bit of slate, which he has picked up and treasured for the purpose. He has killed many bears and lions. He saves the teeth, and upon them carves tiny pictures of animals, a different one for each tooth. Then he bores holes in the teeth, strings them together, and becomes the proud possessor of a necklace, and the envy of the whole tribe; for not every one can be an artist. Yesterday a spearman had a fierce fight with a gigantic wild bull. Our cave man makes a picture of it, graven to the life.



TOOTH OF CAVE BEAR WITH PICTURE OF A SEAL

Now many such pictures as these have been found, buried in the ground, under so many feet of earth and rubbish of all kinds, that they must have been made and left there ages before historical times. They are interest-

ing to us because they are so ancient, because they belong to the early age of the world and the childhood of mankind; for the prehistoric man was like a child



DOG CHASING A BISON

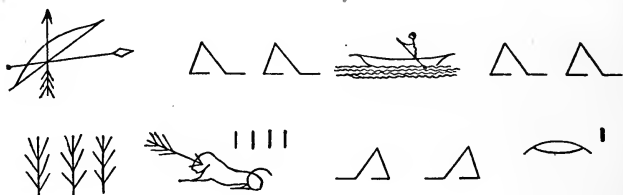
in many things. These early attempts at drawing are interesting for another reason — in fact we may say they are more than interesting, they are fascinating — because we can look back to this starting point, and then ahead,

and see a long, long line of pictures upon pictures, until, in the lapse of ages, some of them developed the art of writing.

Perhaps you have already thought that a picture always tells a story. Most pictures are not made expressly to tell stories, but, on the other hand, many stories have been told by pictures, and pictures alone. In the beginning, that was the best way men could think of to record what they wished to say. These men started the fashion of the art of writing. I will show you how it grew.

II

Our prehistoric men first began to make pictures just for the pleasure of having something pretty to look at. Then it occurred to somebody that he could send a message in this way. Perhaps he was away on a hunting expedition and sent back a letter to his family scratched on tree bark, or a piece of bone or ivory.



He started with bow, arrows, and spear, made a journey by land (shown by the legs advancing), crossed a river in a canoe, journeyed through a forest, killed four lions, and would return (legs coming back) in one *moon*, or month. You see the letter is easy to read, in fact it tells the story very well.

So far, so good—all was plain sailing, as long as he had to write only about *things*. But suppose he wanted to write about a *thought*, what we call an “abstract idea.” Nobody had ever *seen* a *thought*—how was he to make a picture of it? That was a puzzler!

Now as all ancient nations who did not borrow their letters ready-made from some other nation are supposed to have begun by making pictures, and to have developed them into writing in much the same way, we will suppose that our particular scribe lived in prehistoric Egypt, that he belonged to that wonderfully gifted race living so many thousands of years ago by the river Nile, to whom we owe the invention of many things without which we should find it very uncomfortable to get along.

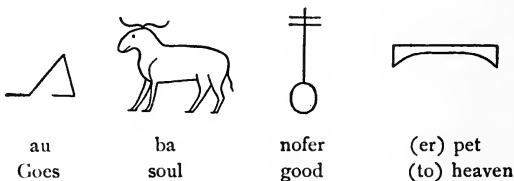
Now how was our Egyptian to express such ideas as *good*, *bad*, *right*, *wrong*, *hunger*, *thirst*, *power*, etc.? He had not learned to spell—how could he, when nobody had ever thought of such a thing as an alphabet? He had not a single letter by which to write down his ideas. He had only pictures.

Now every language has certain words which *sound* alike, although they may have totally different meanings. For instance, in English we have *can*, “to be able,” and *can*, “a receptacle to hold things”; then we have *I* and *e-y-e*, *w-r-i-g-h-t*, *w-r-i-t-e*, *r-i-g-h-t*, and *r-i-t-e*, and many others. Now it occurred at last to our prehistoric Egyptian, who was at his wit’s end how to write a *thought*, that he could use the picture which belonged to one word to express the thought word which sounded like it, but which had no picture belonging to it.



Now you have already guessed what it was that our prehistoric man had at last invented—it was the *rebus*. He had made a discovery by which he could write down at least a few of his abstract ideas. The rest of them he probably expressed by borrowing the picture of one thing to write the idea of a second thing which he imagined resembled in some way the first one. This would be what we call symbolic or figurative writing.

But the rebus idea was by far the most valuable and important. It was a grand discovery, a great step onward. Pictures used in this way are called *phonograms*, because they are to be read as *sounds*, and not as pictures. We might say, it is the ear which reads them, not the eye.

Now suppose our Egyptian wished to write the sentence — “A good soul goes to heaven.” He could make neither a picture of “good,” nor of “soul.” But he might get over this difficulty, for in his language the word *ba* had three meanings, — a kind of bird, a ram, and a soul, and *nofer* meant either a lute, or good. So he might write thus :—





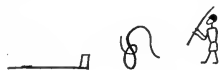
that is, “A good soul goes to heaven.” The third figure was his picture of a lute, and the last the idea he had of the sky, or heaven. He thought it had a roof. This sentence was all right when spoken aloud, and it would be impossible for an Egyptian to read it and not understand it.



There was a little black beetle in his country called *kheper*, and the word "to become" was also *kheper*,  so he used the picture of the beetle for both words. In like manner *sa*, "a goose,"  and *sa*, "a son," could both be written by one picture.

I might give you many expedients by which our scribe made up his rebus sentences. It was a long, tedious process to write in this way, but I suppose he was not pressed for time. He had really made a grand discovery, though he did not at all appreciate how much you and I and all the rest of the world were going to profit by it; for this rebus writing led directly up to the letters of an alphabet.

III


The next step forward which our scribe probably took was to make each picture stand for the sound of a syllable, instead of a whole word. For example, his hieroglyphic picture for an arm  was pronounced like *a* in "father"; and a coil of rope  had the sound of *ua*. Placed side by side these two pictures read *a-ua*,

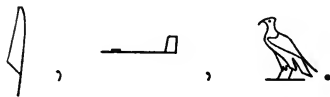


which meant "to rob." *Romen* or *remen*, "to carry," is made up of *ro*  the mouth, and *men*  a chessboard.






Next another bright idea occurred to our inventor. Said he to himself, "Why can I not leave off the last sound of a syllable, or even the first sound of it, and put together what is left of each syllable to sound out a new

word?" No sooner said than done, and behold, he had made the beginning of an alphabet!

He took this little figure,  the picture of a reed which grew in the marshes by the Nile. It was called *aak*. To leave off the *ak* sound gave him an *a*. He made three *a*'s in this manner —



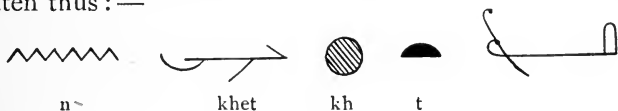
Here is the alphabet of the ancient Egyptians, after


	a		f		h
	a		m		h
	a		n		kh
	y		r		s
	ë		l		sh
	u, w				d
	b		g		z
			k		t
	p		q		th

they had worked at it for many years, for we cannot suppose that it was all invented by one person, or all at once.

Now the queerest thing about this matter is, that after the Egyptians had made an alphabet, they did not seem to be aware how important the invention was, and it never, from first to last, occurred to them that it would be possible to write their words with just this alphabet alone. No, when they wrote a word it had a little of everything in it, — picture letters, picture syllables, and picture words, — all mixed up together, and on the end was tacked another picture, sometimes two, or even three, to explain what the word meant.

For example, the Egyptian “power” or “strength” was written thus:—



The *khet*, , might as well have been left out, but was kept, and an arm and hand grasping a club added, to show that *nekht* meant something powerful.



This picture meant a “hole” — *babau*, with one *ba* and one *a* too many. So with “pyramid,” which looks as if it was *mermer*, when it is simply *mer*.



This kind of writing was very pretty to look at, and very ornamental when used to decorate temples and tombs; but if a man wanted to write a business letter, or keep accounts, or even write a story, naturally he began to get discouraged with the making of so many pictures.

Just when the ancient Egyptians began to feel this way we do not know. Probably it was before the historic time began, that is, before we know anything about their history. They had then long ceased to be savages. They built cities with immense temples, whose roofs were upheld by gigantic and beautifully ornamented pillars and columns. They erected elaborate tombs as eternal dwelling places for their mummied dead, and covered the walls of these sepulchers with their picturesque hieroglyphics, sculptured and painted in rainbow colors. They had invented all sorts of household utensils and tools of many kinds. We can see the pictures of all these things on the walls of tombs in the oldest burial grounds of Egypt.

Among other things, the ancient Egyptians had learned to make a kind of paper out of the stem of a reed which grew in the marshes. We call it the "papyrus," whence our word "paper." Cut in thin strips and pasted together, it made an excellent material upon which to write, quite as good in many respects as anything we use now.

As the Egyptians continued to write upon their papyrus,







MULAK
(Early form)

they left off bit by bit parts of their pictorial letters, keeping only enough to show what was meant. Their picture of an owl was called *mulak*, and had come to stand for the letter *m*. Now

3

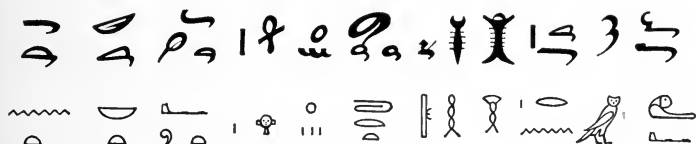
MULAK
(Later form)

they shortened it, and it became somewhat like a figure three.

In like manner, an eagle (a)  took this form , a horned snake (f)  took this form , and so on.

Little by little the letters became so much changed, that at last this "hieratic writing" (as it is called) became quite different from the hieroglyphic pictures. The Egyptians used both ways, the hieroglyphic for engraving upon stone, and the hieratic for papyrus and potsherds. When they wished to be ornamental they used the pictures, when practical, the more easily formed hieratic copies.

Now a very interesting question to us, who live so long after these ancient people, is this: Is our English alpha-



Translation



"Beginning of the chapter about preparing medicines for every part of a patient."



From an ancient Egyptian medical papyrus, about 3500 years old



HIERATIC WRITING, WITH CORRESPONDING HIEROGLYPHICS

bet derived from this Egyptian hieratic writing? Many learned scholars have claimed and still claim that it is. If this is true, the letters came to us through many hands, and have undergone great changes, which was to be expected, considering the long period of time which separates us from the ancient Egyptians. It has been

supposed that the Phœnicians, a trading people who lived on the coast of Palestine, borrowed their letters from the Egyptian hieratic script. The Greeks perhaps obtained the most of their letters from the Phœnicians, the Romans from the Greeks, the rest of the nations of Europe from the Romans, and we, of course, from the English.

On the other hand, some think that the cuneiform writing is the ancestor of all modern alphabets, and of late an interesting and plausible claim has been made in favor of a script, which we will consider later on, in the chapter, "The Story of a Lost Nation and its Queer Hieroglyphics."

But it may not prove to be at all necessary to look so far away to Eastern countries for the origin of the handy letters which we have inherited from the Greeks. Surely that mysterious and shadowy people, the prehistoric Hellenes, ancestors of the gifted Greek race, were fully capable of inventing for themselves a system of pictorial symbols, and developing from it an alphabet of their own. Whether they actually did this, we do not yet know, but of late there have been found in the island of Crete many rude hieroglyphic characters, entirely akin to the very beginnings of writing, as exhibited among other ancient peoples.

Who then was the man who first wrote by sound? Was



HIERATIC WRITING

Supposed to be about 4500 years old

he an Akkadian, a Semite, an Egyptian, a Hittite, a Greek, or a Chinese?

The Egyptians finally shortened even their hieratic into a series of scrawls and dots and dashes, which

hardly looks like writing at all. It is called the "demotic"

writing. The three kinds they used until they borrowed the letters of Greece, which by this time had been improved upon and polished until they were quite readable,

𐤀𐤁𐤂 𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠𐯡𐯢𐯣𐯤𐯥𐯦𐯧𐯨𐯩𐯪𐯫𐯬𐯭𐯮𐯯𐯰𐯱𐯲𐯳𐯴𐯵𐯶𐯷𐯸𐯹𐯺𐯻𐯼𐯽𐯾𐯿𐰀𐰁𐰂𐰃𐰄𐰅𐰆𐰇𐰈𐰉𐰊𐰋𐰌𐰍𐰎𐰏𐰐𐰑𐰒𐰓𐰔𐰕𐰖𐰗𐰘𐰙𐰚𐰛𐰜𐰝𐰞𐰟𐰠𐰡𐰢𐰣𐰤𐰥𐰦𐰧𐰨𐰩𐰪𐰫𐰬𐰭𐰮𐰯𐰰𐰱𐰲𐰳𐰴𐰵𐰶𐰷𐰸𐰹𐰺𐰻𐰼𐰽𐰾𐰿𐱀𐱁𐱂𐱃𐱄𐱅𐱆𐱇𐱈𐱉𐱊𐱋𐱌𐱍𐱎𐱏𐱐𐱑𐱒𐱓𐱔𐱕𐱖𐱗𐱘𐱙𐱚𐱛𐱜𐱝𐱞𐱟𐱠𐱡𐱢𐱣𐱤𐱥𐱦𐱧𐱨𐱩𐱪𐱫𐱬𐱭𐱮𐱯𐱰𐱱𐱲𐱳𐱴𐱵𐱶𐱷𐱸𐱹𐱺𐱻𐱼𐱽𐱾𐱿𐲀𐲁𐲂𐲃𐲄𐲅𐲆𐲇𐲈𐲉𐲊𐲋𐲌𐲍𐲎𐲏𐲐𐲑𐲒𐲓𐲔𐲕𐲖𐲗𐲘𐲙𐲚𐲛𐲜𐲝𐲞𐲟𐲠𐲡𐲢𐲣𐲤𐲥𐲦𐲧𐲨𐲩𐲪𐲫𐲬𐲭𐲮𐲯𐲰𐲱𐲲𐲳𐲴𐲵𐲶𐲷𐲸𐲹𐲺𐲻𐲼𐲽𐲾𐲿𐳀𐳁𐳂𐳃𐳄𐳅𐳆𐳇𐳈𐳉𐳊𐳋𐳌𐳍𐳎𐳏𐳐𐳑𐳒𐳓𐳔𐳕𐳖𐳗𐳘𐳙𐳚𐳛𐳜𐳝𐳞𐳟𐳠𐳡𐳢𐳣𐳤𐳥𐳦𐳧𐳨𐳩𐳪𐳫𐳬𐳭𐳮𐳯𐳰𐳱𐳲𐳳𐳴𐳵𐳶𐳷𐳸𐳹𐳺𐳻𐳼𐳽𐳾𐳿𐴀𐴁𐴂𐴃𐴄𐴅𐴆𐴇𐴈𐴉𐴊𐴋𐴌𐴍𐴎𐴏𐴐𐴑𐴒𐴓𐴔𐴕𐴖𐴗𐴘𐴙𐴚𐴛𐴜𐴝𐴞𐴟𐴠𐴡𐴢𐴣𐴤𐴥𐴦𐴧𐴨𐴩𐴪𐴫𐴬𐴭𐴮𐴯𐴰𐴱𐴲𐴳𐴴𐴵𐴶𐴷𐴸𐴹𐴺𐴻𐴼𐴽𐴾𐴿𐵀𐵁𐵂𐵃𐵄𐵅𐵆𐵇𐵈𐵉𐵊𐵋𐵌𐵍𐵎𐵏𐵐𐵑𐵒𐵓𐵔𐵕𐵖𐵗𐵘𐵙𐵚𐵛𐵜𐵝𐵞𐵟𐵠𐵡𐵢𐵣𐵤𐵥𐵦𐵧𐵨𐵩𐵪𐵫𐵬𐵭𐵮𐵯𐵰𐵱𐵲𐵳𐵴𐵵𐵶𐵷𐵸𐵹𐵺𐵻𐵼𐵽𐵾𐵿𐶀𐶁𐶂𐶃𐶄𐶅𐶆𐶇𐶈𐶉𐶊𐶋𐶌𐶍𐶎𐶏𐶐𐶑𐶒𐶓𐶔𐶕𐶖𐶗𐶘𐶙𐶚𐶛𐶜𐶝𐶞𐶟𐶠𐶡𐶢𐶣𐶤𐶥𐶦𐶧𐶨𐶩𐶪𐶫𐶬𐶭𐶮𐶯𐶰𐶱𐶲𐶳𐶴𐶵𐶶𐶷𐶸𐶹𐶺𐶻𐶼𐶽𐶾𐶿𐷀𐷁𐷂𐷃𐷄𐷅𐷆𐷇𐷈𐷉𐷊𐷋𐷌𐷍𐷎𐷏𐷐𐷑𐷒𐷓𐷔𐷕𐷖𐷗𐷘𐷙𐷚𐷛𐷜𐷝𐷞𐷟𐷠𐷡𐷢𐷣𐷤𐷥𐷦𐷧𐷨𐷩𐷪𐷫𐷬𐷭𐷮𐷯𐷰𐷱𐷲𐷳𐷴𐷵𐷶𐷷𐷸𐷹𐷺𐷻𐷼𐷽𐷾𐷿𐸀𐸁𐸂𐸃𐸄𐸅𐸆𐸇𐸈𐸉𐸊𐸋𐸌𐸍𐸎𐸏𐸐𐸑𐸒𐸓𐸔𐸕𐸖𐸗𐸘𐸙𐸚𐸛𐸜𐸝𐸞𐸟𐸠𐸡𐸢𐸣𐸤𐸥𐸦𐸧𐸨𐸩𐸪𐸫𐸬𐸭𐸮𐸯𐸰𐸱𐸲𐸳𐸴𐸵𐸶𐸷𐸸𐸹𐸺𐸻𐸼𐸽𐸾𐸿𐹀𐹁𐹂𐹃𐹄𐹅𐹆𐹇𐹈𐹉𐹊𐹋𐹌𐹍𐹎𐹏𐹐𐹑𐹒𐹓𐹔𐹕𐹖𐹗𐹘𐹙𐹚𐹛𐹜𐹝𐹞𐹟𐹠𐹡𐹢𐹣𐹤𐹥𐹦𐹧𐹨𐹩𐹪𐹫𐹬𐹭𐹮𐹯𐹰𐹱𐹲𐹳𐹴𐹵𐹶𐹷𐹸𐹹𐹺𐹻𐹼𐹽𐹾𐹿𐺀𐺁𐺂𐺃𐺄𐺅𐺆𐺇𐺈𐺉𐺊𐺋𐺌𐺍𐺎𐺏𐺐𐺑𐺒𐺓𐺔𐺕𐺖𐺗𐺘𐺙𐺚𐺛𐺜𐺝𐺞𐺟𐺠𐺡𐺢𐺣𐺤𐺥𐺦𐺧𐺨𐺩𐺪𐺫𐺬𐺭𐺮𐺯𐺰𐺱𐺲𐺳𐺴𐺵𐺶𐺷𐺸𐺹𐺺𐺻𐺼𐺽𐺾𐺿𐻀𐻁𐻂𐻃𐻄𐻅𐻆𐻇𐻈𐻉𐻊𐻋𐻌𐻍𐻎𐻏𐻐𐻑𐻒𐻓𐻔𐻕𐻖𐻗𐻘𐻙𐻚𐻛𐻜𐻝𐻞𐻟𐻠𐻡𐻢𐻣𐻤𐻥𐻦𐻧𐻨𐻩𐻪𐻫𐻬𐻭𐻮𐻯𐻰𐻱𐻲𐻳𐻴𐻵𐻶𐻷𐻸𐻹𐻺𐻻𐻼𐻽𐻾𐻿𐼀𐼁𐼂𐼃𐼄𐼅𐼆𐼇𐼈𐼉𐼊𐼋𐼌𐼍𐼎𐼏𐼐𐼑𐼒𐼓𐼔𐼕𐼖𐼗𐼘𐼙𐼚𐼛𐼜𐼝𐼞𐼟𐼠𐼡𐼢𐼣𐼤𐼥𐼦𐼧𐼨𐼩𐼪𐼫𐼬𐼭𐼮𐼯𐼰𐼱𐼲𐼳𐼴𐼵𐼶𐼷𐼸𐼹𐼺𐼻𐼼𐼽𐼾𐼿𐽀𐽁𐽂𐽃𐽄𐽅𐽆𐽇𐽋𐽍𐽎𐽏𐽐𐽈𐽉𐽊𐽌𐽑𐽒𐽓𐽔𐽕𐽖𐽗𐽘𐽙𐽚𐽛𐽜𐽝𐽞𐽟𐽠𐽡𐽢𐽣𐽤𐽥𐽦𐽧𐽨𐽩𐽪𐽫𐽬𐽭𐽮𐽯𐽰𐽱𐽲𐽳𐽴𐽵𐽶𐽷𐽸𐽹𐽺𐽻𐽼𐽽𐽾𐽿𐾀𐾁𐾃𐾅𐾂𐾄𐾆𐾇𐾈𐾉𐾊𐾋𐾌𐾍𐾎𐾏𐾐𐾑𐾒𐾓𐾔𐾕𐾖𐾗𐾘𐾙𐾚𐾛𐾜𐾝𐾞𐾟𐾠𐾡𐾢𐾣𐾤𐾥𐾦𐾧𐾨𐾩𐾪𐾫𐾬𐾭𐾮𐾯𐾰𐾱𐾲𐾳𐾴𐾵𐾶𐾷𐾸𐾹𐾺𐾻𐾼𐾽𐾾𐾿𐿀𐿁𐿂𐿃𐿄𐿅𐿆𐿇𐿈𐿉𐿊𐿋𐿌𐿍𐿎𐿏𐿐𐿑𐿒𐿓𐿔𐿕𐿖𐿗𐿘𐿙𐿚𐿛𐿜𐿝𐿞𐿟𐿠𐿡𐿢𐿣𐿤𐿥𐿦𐿧𐿨𐿩𐿪𐿫𐿬𐿭𐿮𐿯𐿰𐿱𐿲𐿳𐿴𐿵𐿶𐿷𐿸𐿹𐿺𐿻𐿼𐿽𐿾𐿿𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃𐀄𐀅𐀆𐀇𐀈𐀉𐀊𐀋𐀌𐀍𐀎𐀏𐀐𐀑𐀒𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀖𐀗𐀘𐀙𐀚𐀛𐀜𐀝𐀞𐀟𐀠𐀡𐀢𐀣𐀤𐀥𐀦𐀧𐀨𐀩𐀪𐀫𐀬𐀭𐀮𐀯𐀰𐀱𐀲𐀳𐀴𐀵𐀶𐀷𐀸𐀹𐀺𐀻𐀼𐀽𐀾𐀿𐁀𐁁𐁂𐁃𐁄𐁅𐁆𐁇𐁈𐁉𐁊𐁋𐁌𐁍𐁎𐁏𐁐𐁑𐁒𐁓𐁔𐁕𐁖𐁗𐁘𐁙𐁚𐁛𐁜𐁝𐁞𐁟𐁠𐁡𐁢𐁣𐁤𐁥𐁦𐁧𐁨𐁩𐁪𐁫𐁬𐁭𐁮𐁯𐁰𐁱𐁲𐁳𐁴𐁵𐁶𐁷𐁸𐁹𐁺𐁻𐁼𐁽𐁾𐁿𐂀𐂁𐂂𐂃𐂄𐂅𐂆𐂇𐂈𐂉𐂊𐂋𐂌𐂍𐂎𐂏𐂐𐂑𐂒𐂓𐂔𐂕𐂖𐂗𐂘𐂙𐂚𐂛𐂜𐂝𐂞𐂟𐂠𐂡𐂢𐂣𐂤𐂥𐂦𐂧𐂨𐂩𐂪𐂫𐂬𐂭𐂮𐂯𐂰𐂱𐂲𐂳𐂴𐂵𐂶𐂷𐂸𐂹𐂺𐂻𐂼𐂽𐂾𐂿𐃀𐃁𐃂𐃃𐃄𐃅𐃆𐃇𐃈𐃉𐃊𐃋𐃌𐃍𐃎𐃏𐃐𐃑𐃒𐃓𐃔𐃕𐃖𐃗𐃘𐃙𐃚𐃛𐃜𐃝𐃞𐃟𐃠𐃡𐃢𐃣𐃤𐃥𐃦𐃧𐃨𐃩𐃪𐃫𐃬𐃭𐃮𐃯𐃰𐃱𐃲𐃳𐃴𐃵𐃶𐃷𐃸𐃹𐃺𐃻𐃼𐃽𐃾𐃿𐄀𐄁𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆𐄇𐄈𐄉𐄊𐄋𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷

read from the side toward which the pictures of living beings face. The hieratic and demotic characters were written from right to left, the opposite way from which we write our lines.

The Egyptians speculated as to the way it came about that men had ever been able to write at all. One of their legends relates that Thoth, the ibis-headed god of wisdom, was the inventor of writing, and that he came one day to



THOTH

an early king of Egypt, and offered to teach the art to the people. This monarch, who seemed to have been rather slow in his notions, objected, fearing that children and young people would cease to store up in memory the wise sayings of the forefathers, and rely wholly on books. But the counsel of Thoth prevailed, and the Egyptian people received the gift of letters — “the ingenious art of painting words and speaking to the eyes.” Thus they became the first literary people of the

world. Thus much the ancient Egyptians themselves believed. But we know better. We can look back and trace the development of their writing from pictures, such as those made by the rude cave men, who lived in the far-away past, ages before the dawn of civilization.

THE TALE OF THE TWO BROTHERS

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ROMANCE

(Abridged from the author's translation)

I

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, named Anpu and Batau. Anpu was the elder; he had a wife and a house. His younger brother was like a son to him. It was he that made the clothes, followed after the cattle, and did all the work in the fields. There was not his equal in the whole land.

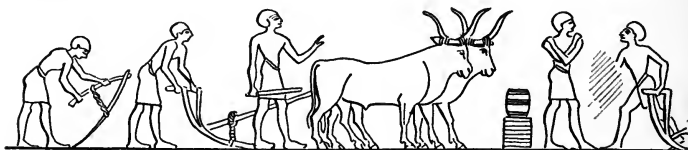
Now for many days Batau had spent his time with the cattle, driving them home in the evening, while his elder



DRIVING THE CATTLE TO THE PASTURE

brother sat with his wife at home, eating and drinking. And when the earth was light with the coming day, he baked the bread and set it before his brother, and carried the food to the laborers. Then he followed after his cattle, who told him where the grass was finest. And he hearkened to all their words, and drove them where they wished to go. So they grew fat and increased in numbers greatly.

Now Anpu and Batau went out one morning to plow, for said Anpu, "Get ready the seed corn and the oxen, for the land has come forth" (that is the Nile waters had so far subsided that patches of earth were visible). So they spent the day in the fields and were very merry together.



PLOWING AND SOWING

At night Anpu returned first to his house, where his wife told him some wicked falsehoods about his younger brother. He became mad as a southern panther, and determined to kill Batau. So he sharpened his knife, and went into the stable, and hid himself behind the door.

And when the sun was about to set, and Batau had loaded himself with grass from the field, as he was accustomed to do each day, he came home, and as his first cow entered the stable, she exclaimed to her driver: "Beware! Thine elder brother stands before thee with a knife to kill thee. Flee from him!" He hearkened to the words of his first cow. Then another went in, and spoke in like manner. And he looked beneath the door of the stable and saw the feet of his elder brother, who had his knife in his hand. Batau laid down his load and fled, and his elder brother followed with the knife.

Then Batau in his fright and distress called upon the Sun god, Hor-em-akhu. And the Sun god heard his cry,

and made a great river between Batau and his brother, and the river was full of crocodiles. And one brother was on one bank, and the other was on the other.

Then Anpu cast something twice at his brother, but could not kill him. And Batau cried from the other bank, saying: "Stay, and when the earth is light, and the disk of Aten comes forth, I will speak with thee in his presence, and will cause thee to know the truth, for never have I done thee wrong. But nevermore will I dwell with thee, but I will go to the Cedar Mountain."

And when the earth was light with the coming day, and Hor-em-akhu began to appear, they saw each other, and conversed together. Anpu became convinced of his brother's innocence.

But Batau said: "Go home and care for thy cattle. As for me, I shall go to the Cedar Mountain. Know that my soul must depart from me. I shall lay it in the topmost blossom of the Cedar Tree. When the Cedar Tree is felled, my soul shall fall to the earth, and I shall die. But do thou go home. And if at any time thou takest a jug of beer in thy hand, and it turns to froth, then shalt thou haste away. Come then to seek my soul. Thou shalt be seven years searching for it, and if thy courage faileth not, then shalt thou find it. Place it in a cup of cold water. So shall I live again."

Then Batau journeyed on to the Cedar Mountain. Anpu went home and slew his wife, and sat down to mourn for his younger brother.

II

When Batau reached the Cedar Mountain, he spent his days hunting the wild animals, and each night returned and stretched himself to sleep under the Cedar Tree in whose topmost flower his soul lay.

One day he chanced to meet the circle of the Nine Gods, who were abroad, caring for their Land of Egypt. And the company of the gods spoke to him with one accord, saying: "Ho, Batau, thou hero of the gods, why art thou so solitary? Why hast thou left thy home? Turn back to thine elder brother, for he has slain his wife."

And their hearts had compassion on him. Then spake Hor-em-akhu to the god Knum, saying, "Fashion (lit. *build*) a wife for Batau, that he may not be alone." And Knum fashioned him a wife, and she was superior to all the women of the land for beauty. All godlike qualities were in her. And the seven Hat-hors came to look at her, and they said with one voice, "She will cause death."

But Batau loved her with his whole heart, and he said to her: "Go not forth from the house, lest thou meet the River, and he carry thee away; for I cannot save thee from him, because my soul is in the topmost Cedar blossom." And he told her all that was in his heart.

Many days after this, Batau went forth a-hunting, and his young wife went out to walk under the Cedar Tree. And the River saw her and rose up to pursue her, but she ran to the house. Then the River called to the Cedar, and said, "Oh, how I love her!" And the Cedar gave him a lock of her hair, and the River carried it to Egypt, and left it where the washermen of Pharaoh were.

Then the odor of the lock of hair scented the clothes of Pharaoh, and the washermen were much astonished, and said one to another, "The perfume of ointment is in Pharaoh's clothes!" And they quarreled about it every day.

One day the chief washerman went down to the River, and his heart was filled with sorrow on account of the quarrels which had arisen among his people. And as he stood upon the bank, the waves brought to him the lock of hair. And he carried it to Pharaoh, who called all his wise men and his scribes and his magicians. And they said to Pharaoh: "This is certainly a lock of hair of the daughter of the Sun god, and all godlike qualities are united in her. Send messengers throughout the whole land, that they may seek for her." Said Pharaoh, "These are good words which ye have said to me." And they went.

Many days after this, the messengers who had been sent to other countries returned, but those who had gone to the Cedar Mountain returned not, for Batau had slain all but one. And the king sent other people to seek the daughter of the Sun-god, bearing all sorts of fine jewels to entice her. So they brought away Batau's wife, and there was great joy throughout Egypt on account of her, and she became a royal queen.

III

Now Batau's wife, being a foolish young woman who thought it fine to be a queen, did not wish ever to return to her forest home. So she revealed the story of her husband and begged of the king, "Send men, I pray thee, to cut down the Cedar, that Batau may die." And they

sent men armed with weapons, who felled the Cedar. The blossom fell to the ground, and Batau died.

When the earth grew light with the glow of the coming day, there lay the Cedar upon the ground. But on this same morning Anpu, Batau's elder brother, went into his house to wash his hands. And he fetched for himself a jug of beer and a jug of wine, both of which turned to froth. Thereupon he seized his club and his sandals, and taking raiment and a staff for the journey, started for the Cedar Mountain.

And he came to the hut of his younger brother, and lo! there was his brother lying dead upon his pallet. Then weeping he went forth to search for the soul. After seven years of searching, his heart became weary, and he would fain have returned to Egypt.

When the earth had grown light with the coming day, he arose, and going under the Cedar Tree searched until night for the soul; and as he returned at eventide and was looking round yet again, he found a blossom, and lo! it was the soul of his younger brother. Then he took a vase of cold water, set it therein, and when night came Batau raised himself up, stretched his limbs, and looked at his elder brother.

Now the two consult together. Says Batau: "I will change myself into the form of a Sacred Bull, with all the marks. We will journey to Egypt, where my wife is. And all the people will rejoice over us, for the Sacred Bull is the image of a great god, and they will give us great honors."

So the two brothers go to Egypt. The Sacred Bull is received with much rejoicing and led into the temple,

where the queen is. But Batau calls to his wife, "Look, I am still alive!" And she said, "Who art thou, then?" And he replied to her: "I am Batau! Thou didst cause the Cedar Tree to be felled. Thou didst reveal my secret to Pharaoh, that I might be slain! But look! I am still alive! I have now the form of a bull."

Then the beautiful woman was terrified, and she said to the king, "Let me eat of the liver of this bull, for he is of no value to thee." And the king was sad at heart to kill the Sacred Bull; but he sent his chief servant to slay him. And as he gave him a cut upon the neck, two drops of blood fell, and grew upward into two Persea Trees, one on one side of the palace door, the other on the other.

And when the earth grew light with the coming day, the king made a great festival, and rode forth in his golden chariot. And as he returned to the palace, he seated himself under one of the Persea Trees, and the queen under the other. But the Tree said to her: "Ho, thou base one! I am Batau! I live still! I have transformed myself."

Then was the queen terrified, and she begged the king, saying: "I pray thee, cause these trees to be cut down, and fine planks to be made from them." He fulfilled her wishes, the trees were cut down, but in vain, for Batau came to life yet once more. The king made him governor over all the land. After many days the Pharaoh flew up to heaven, and Batau governed Egypt for thirty years. When he departed this life, then ruled his brother in his stead. On the day of his burial he also rested in peace.

Now may Thoth protect and defend all the words of these writings.

SCENES IN ANCIENT THEBES

I

*B*EN-HADAD the Syrian and *Nekht-amen*, chief scribe and treasurer of the temple, stand by a street corner in deep consultation.

"And I," says *Nekht-amen*, "am I to have no profit from this trade? Here must I pay over to thee from the temple treasury twenty thousand and more *utnu*,* for the oak and cedar planks from Lebanon, the coral and agate, the oil, balm, and goodly purple garments. Am I to get nothing for my good services? By the glorious Sun god, that were a crying shame!"

"And how much," says the wily Syrian merchant, "will satisfy thee? It is well known that my master, who dwelleth so far away, and whose caravans come not hither without great loss and trouble, can ill afford that his merchandise pay toll. Already must I pass through many lands and many barbarous tribes, and amongst them all was no single people which did not demand tribute. Will twenty *utnu* satisfy thee?"

Nekht-amen indignantly protests. "Am I not chief scribe of the great Temple, and dost thou proffer me the recompense of a beggar? Know then that I am a '*man* of Egypt,' † and thou—thou art—" Here words

* An *utnu* was twenty-five cents, or thereabouts.

† The Egyptians termed themselves "*men*," *par excellence*. Dwellers in other countries were called either by descriptive or slighting epithets, or named simply after the land in which they dwelt, e.g. *Rutennu*, "dwellers in Ruten," *Shasu*, "shepherds," etc., etc.

fail him, and he gazes with angry contempt upon his companion.

"Thou art truly, as thou sayest, a 'man of Egypt,'" answers the Syrian placidly. "Has that, then, prevented thee from defrauding the other 'men of Egypt'? Tell me, Nekht-amen, how hast thou so prospered? What has gained thee thy goodly house and thy retinue of slaves, thy droves of cattle, and the rich pasture lands in the Delta? Is it truly but the revenue of a scribe, or dost thou filch from the poor, and oppress the widow? Hast thou then a clear conscience, thou 'man of Egypt'? And hast thou indeed ever given 'bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, or clothing to the naked,' according to the precepts of thy sages?"

Nekht-amen, too indignant to reply, gathers his rich robes haughtily around him, and walks away toward his home. With a satisfied smile, the Syrian also turns upon his heel, and takes his way toward the market place.

Now Nekht-amen has arisen from poverty, his father having been a bricklayer, whose ancestors, according to the Egyptian expression, "were not found in writing," *i.e.* were not of sufficient importance or wealth to be recorded in either written documents or tomb inscriptions. The profession of scribe being the most honorable and lucrative to which he could aspire for his son, the father of Nekht-amen spared no self-denial in order to educate the boy for it. And so Nekht-amen, being an apt pupil, has arisen in his profession, until his declining years find him in the influential stations of scribe and treasurer in the Temple of Amen-Ra.

He is generally well satisfied with himself, but to-day

as he walks along, the words of the Syrian ring portentously in his ears and cause him grave uneasiness. How then will it be with him in a few years? Should he sojourn upon this earth even for one hundred and ten years, the good old age to which every Egyptian aspires, he must verily one day pass over the River into Amenti, to dwell he knows not where.

How shall he, whose life has been, as the Syrian but now reminded him, one long list of dishonest deeds, appear in the Great Hall of Truth in the Nether World? How shall he stand before Osiris, the Judge of the Dead? In that dread presence, his heart will be taken from him and placed in the scales, to be weighed against the Goddess of Truth and Probity. Anubis will announce the result, and Thoth inscribe in characters which can never be effaced, the pitiless verdict of the forty-two assessors who have listened to his declaration. And the words of this declaration, which his heart has denied in the balance—they ring false! “I have not defrauded! I have not caused any one to be hungry! I have not caused any one to weep! No evil can be shown against me! I am pure, I am pure, I am pure!”*

As Nekht-amen, occupied with these painful reflections, approaches his house, he suddenly becomes aware of a noise, which has been increasing in violence and for some time has formed the undercurrent of his uncomfortable reverie. Lifting his eyes, he perceives that the tumult proceeds from his own courtyard, and hastens to enter. Around his granaries, of which there are two, stand a gesticulating mob, holding in the midst

* Book of the Dead, chap. cxxv.

two men whose clothes are torn and daubed with plaster.

"What saith the proverb?" shrieks one tall fellow; "'Man hath a back and only obeys when it is beaten!' Open the doors! Open the doors! Give us corn! Give us corn, or we will take it!" and they all fall upon the two men and belabor them unmercifully.

"Great Isis be merciful!" cries Nekht-amen. "It is Ptah-meri! It is my son!" And he rushes into the midst of the crowd.

The mob turns its wrath upon the newcomer. "Ha, Nekht-amen! It is thou and thine infamous son who have made us to hunger! We have no oil, no corn, no fish, no onions more! We hunger, we thirst! We will work no longer! Woe unto ye, may ye suffer the curse of Set, who thus pursue us with want!"

Nekht-amen expostulates. "But your barley, your onions, your oil, were duly dealt to each man on the first of Mekhir. How is it that ye go hungry? When ye have food, ye do eat like the beasts of the field. Am I to blame that ye are gluttons for one half the month and hunger the remaining half?"

"It is thou and thy son who take from our measure, so that it scarce avails to keep us from starvation. And ye grow rich upon our fasting! Shall we bear this? No! By the Holy Triad, by Amen, Mut, and Khonsu, *no!* Give us corn, or we will take it!"

Fear overcoming his avarice, Nekht-amen reluctantly orders the steward, who is nearly dead from the beating, to open one of his well-filled granaries, and a pittance is doled out to each man, with which he is fain to depart in peace.

"But," says Nekht-amen sadly to himself, "this is the third riot in Mekhir. Three a month! May Isis protect me! How long will my granaries endure?"

II

Ben-hadad the Syrian has meanwhile wandered away to gaze at the sights of the great city and listen to the language of the people, so different from that of his own land. He strolls into the market place, already bright with the morning sun, and is immediately assailed from all sides.

"Come, buy of me!" says an Egyptian girl, persuasively holding forth an earthen jar. "Do you not see? A salve for your wife's eyebrows. It is thrice blest. Isis has blest it, and the great Amen, and Mut. I took it myself to the temples before the earth grew light with day. It is sure. First pluck out the hairs, put this salve on the place. They will not grow again."

With a contemptuous smile, Ben-hadad passes on. He knows well the custom of the Egyptian ladies, who pull out their eyelashes and paint the lids and eyebrows black, even to the temples. In fact, he himself has often dealt in salves of this very description.

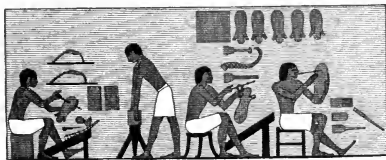
He watches with a curious and professional eye the various groups which are bartering their wares. Ever and anon he pauses to poise critically in his hand the rings of gold, silver, or copper wire which represent the *money* of Egypt. It has not yet occurred to the Egyptian sovereigns to provide for their people a convenient *coin*, sealed with a government stamp which certifies a proper weight and purity. Until then the people must weigh and

re-weigh these rings, and even then are often victims of fraud.

Ben-hadad passes along by the stalls of imported wares. Here are embroidered robes from Babylon, stuffs of Syrian purple, valuable skins, spices and incense from the Land of Punt, oil and balsam from Syria, copper and malachite from the peninsula of Sinai, and many products from the far-distant lands beyond the "Very Green," as the Egyptians call the Mediterranean. Among these are precious bits of amber from the North Sea.

Beyond, artisans of every trade are plying their avocations in the open air, chattering, laughing, or quarreling, as the humor seizes them. Here two glass blowers are seated on either side of a charcoal fire. Very fine is the glassware of Egypt, and justly celebrated. The workmen make attractive articles of manifold shapes and beautifully colored. Ben-hadad examines them approvingly and determines to lay in a good stock for his return journey. Already he has an order from a Greek merchant in Tyre, who will pay him a good price for Egyptian glassware to send to his countrymen in the isles.

Carpenters, cabinet makers, boat builders, weavers, fullers, goldsmiths, potters, manufacturers of papyrus, sandal makers, in short, workmen of every imaginable trade manufacture their wares here in the open market and sell them upon the spot. The potter, squatting upon the ground, deftly turns out his vases, jars, and cups

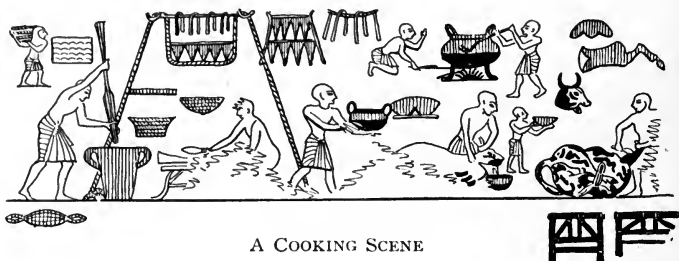


SANDAL MAKERS AT WORK

upon a small wheel which he turns by hand. A man paints the finished articles as soon as they are dry, and a boy carries them to the furnaces to be baked. This ware also will form a part of Ben-hadad's return merchandise.

It being by this time high noon, Ben-hadad's appetite warns him that dinner time has arrived, and he turns toward the cook shops, whose agreeable odors greet his nostrils. Selecting an opulent-looking stall, he awaits his turn.

Now an Egyptian cook slaughters his own animals. Ben-hadad is therefore not surprised to behold in the back of the shop an unfortunate victim which has just been



A COOKING SCENE

deprived of its life. A man is holding a dish to catch the blood, which will be used later on in the cookery. On one side an assistant is deftly cutting up joints with a flint knife. Haunches of raw meat, oxheads, and vegetables of all kinds festoon the walls. Two cooks are engaged around an earthen kettle, one stirring the stew, the other livening the fire underneath. A boy hurries along with a dish for a customer. A man pounds some ingredients in a huge, two-handled jar. All is good-natured bustle. "Hurry up, Laziness!" says the cook to the boy. "Dost thou not see that the master waits?"

At length Ben-hadad secures his turn, and drawing his mantle around him, squats on the ground, while the cook's apprentice heaps up before him upon a low, stool-like table a substantial meal, — a roast goose, lentils, onions, bread made of lotus-seed flour, oil, honey, wine, dates, and sweet pastries. A repast fit for Pharaoh! But Ben-hadad has made a good trade with the temple, and feels moved to treat himself to a fine meal, and afterward enjoys with a clear conscience the siesta which he takes upon a couch obligingly provided for him in the dwelling behind the cook shop.

III

Ptah-meri has been made severely ill by the events of the day of the riot. His health for some time has been by no means of the best, and then to be dragged half a mile through mud and mire, and beaten unmercifully at last! Enough to stretch any man upon his pallet!

Nekht-amen, alarmed for his son, goes in hot haste for the physician. Now *Neb-Khonsu* is a very learned man indeed. He is priest of Amen and court physician as well. It is not every one outside the august court circle that he will condescend to visit. He yields, however, to the earnest entreaties of his old friend, Nekht-amen, bids his servants bring his book of receipts, which is a huge roll of papyrus, and all the paraphernalia to work his cures. He has herbs of various kinds, culled at just the right hour of the moon; he has magic bandages, and strips of papyrus with incantations written upon them, to roll around the patient's arms and legs; he has poultices, plasters, emetics, syrups, salves, and, last but not least,

clay and wax for making images. In fact, he has all which a well-educated physician in good repute must possess.

Nekht-amen, comforted by the display of all these preparations, watches the doctor as he bends over his son, feels his pulse, and shakes his head.

"Ah!" says Neb-Khonsu, "I have it. It is a departed spirit, a dweller in Amenti, which is attacking your son. Has he lost any friend or foe of late?"

Ptah-meri in great trepidation reminds his father that it is but a twelvemonth since his wife died. Neb-Khonsu announces with emphasis that it is the spirit of the departed which is now afflicting Ptah-meri, slowly devouring his liver, stopping the "breaths," and wasting all his members. Thence comes the violent headache and the unconquerable fits of drowsiness which ever and anon fall like leaden weights upon his spirit. The demon must be driven out or appeased, else it will destroy him, body and soul.

Neb-Khonsu tries the first method. He fashions a little waxen image, modeled in the form of a woman, and gives it to Nekht-amen with orders to place it by a slow fire. As it melts away, the pains and discomforts of Ptah-meri will diminish with it. He then mixes from his store a goodly portion of medicaments, and applies it, reciting meantime the formula which all learned physicians know to be unfailing.

"O Isis, release, release! O Isis, make free from all evil. O Isis, great Enchantress, make free, release from all evil things, from the fever of the god, and the fever of the goddess, from death and distress, and the pain

which afflicts him. While he enters into the fire and goes forth from the water." *

The patient now repeats the refrain, "Come, remedy, come drive it out of this heart, out of these limbs, by the magic power of the remedy." *

Richly rewarded with a fee of golden rings, the physician departs, leaving the family much impressed.

Neb-Khonsu does not fail to call upon his patient daily. After some weeks have passed, finding that his magic charms and medicines are of no avail, he bethinks himself of a way to excuse the continued illness and prospective death of Ptah-meri. With a demeanor of grave import he inquires upon what day the sick man was born.

"On the 26th of Thoth" (month of Aug.), replies his mother. "Alas!" remarks Neb-Khonsu, sorrowfully, "did I not know it? This man was destined from his birth to an early death. For the 26th of Thoth is the day of the terrible combat between Isis, Horus, and Set. Set, the Evil One, has prevailed against your son. His days are numbered."

Nekht-amen ventures to doubt the wisdom of this decision and calls forth from Neb-Khonsu an indignant defense of his ability.

"I have graduated from the School of Medicine at Heliopolis," declares he, "where the Sages of the Grand Temple have taught me their remedies."

"I have graduated from the School of Sais, where the Divine Mothers have given me their recipes."

"I possess incantations composed by the great Osiris, god of the Nether World. My guide has always been

* From the Ebers Papyrus.

Thoth, the inventor of speaking and writing, the author of infallible remedies, he who alone knows how to give power to magicians and physicians who follow his precepts."

"The incantations are good for the remedies, and the remedies are good for the incantations." *

Having said this, Neb-Khonsu departs in high dudgeon.

IV

The weary days drag along. Ptah-meri continues to grow weaker. Faith in Neb-Khonsu also weakens. Haunted by the idea that his departed wife wishes him to die, Ptah-meri decides to write her a letter and place it upon her tomb. Perhaps her "wise spirit" will be appeased thereby.

Too weak to wield his own pen, his father writes for him the following affecting appeal: † —

"O Ankh-ari, what evil have I done thee, that I should be thus afflicted? What then have I done to thee, that thou shouldst thus lay thy heavy hand upon me, when no evil has been done to thee? From the time when I married thee till now, have I done aught which was unpleasing to thee? Thou wast the wife of my youth, and I was with thee. I was placed in all manner of offices, but I did not forsake thee, nor cause thine heart to sorrow. When thou wast ill with the sickness which afflicted thee, I sent for the chief physician, and he fulfilled thy wishes.

* From the Ebers Papyrus.

† The "Confessions of a Widower," as it is called, is contained in a papyrus now in the Museum at Leyden. I have used a part of it for the letter of the fictitious Ptah-meri, and am indebted for the translation to Erman's *Aegypten und aegyptisches Leben im Alterthum*.

When I returned from Memphis and found thee dead, I truly mourned for thee with my people before my house."

The sorrowing father carries the letter and lays it as a last effort upon the tomb of the dead woman, in the vain hope that her angry spirit may be appeased.

Some days later, a chorus of lamentations from the house of Ptah-meri proclaims to the neighborhood that the sick man is no more. "O my son! Alas, my brother! O my master!" The women beat their chests and tear their hair, and rush from house to house, proclaiming the sad news — Ptah-meri has "flown up to heaven."

While the body of the unfortunate man is being prepared for burial, *i.e.* mummified, all the household join in mourning for the dead. They show their respect by denying themselves all except the absolute necessities of life, and neglect all personal adornment. Frequent visits are made to the tomb, which is being prepared in the City of the Dead.

Very elaborate indeed are the arrangements which Nekht-amen makes for the funeral of his only son. The spirit of the departed shall at least have no cause to revenge itself upon the living for any neglect. Besides, Nekht-amen is rich and can afford it. A hundred workmen of various trades are soon busy preparing the coffin and burial effects of Ptah-meri.

Meanwhile his father visits the book stalls and inspects the ready-made copies of the *Per-em-hru*,* or "Going forth by Day." Not finding one to suit, he orders a richly illuminated roll to be made expressly for his son,

* Now called the *Book of the Dead*.

insisting that every figure and symbol be correctly executed. His son must not find a word lacking when he consults it in the other world.

And now the seventy days of embalmment are over, the final preparations have been made, and the day arrives when the family must take leave of the mummy. The priests pour over it the consecrated oil, and it is laid in the rich sarcophagus, which is borne out and placed upon a sledge drawn by oxen. The grand funeral procession



A FUNERAL PROCESSION

which is to announce to all Thebes the wealth and power of Nekht-amen starts on its way through the narrow, winding streets of the city.

In advance come the household slaves, carrying offerings of food and wine, to be left in the tomb for the Ka. Servants lead two horses harnessed to a chariot. Others bear a couple of boxes, one adorned with the mystic eye of Horus. Four jars, borne by slaves, contain the parts of the body which were separately embalmed. The covers

are ornamented with heads of genii, who are to watch over the contents. The human-headed sparrow hawk, emblem of the soul, follows. Boxes are carried, containing hundreds of tiny *ushabti* and *kas* — the first to be scattered in the tomb, and the *kas* walled up jealously. If they are destroyed, the dead man will lose his chance of eternal life, for each one insures him a span of life in eternity.

A long line of emblems, ornaments, tomb furniture, slaves, etc., etc., and then comes the gorgeous catafalque, the family and priests closing the procession. The hired mourners fill the air with their lamentations.

And so, winding through the tortuous streets, and gathering numbers as it passes, the grand funeral procession of Ptah-meri reaches the banks of the Nile, is ferried across the "Sacred River," and the dead man is borne to his last abode.

"To the West! To the West!" cry the mourners. "To the West! To the West!" echoes the crowd. "To the West! The Osiris * entereth the Bark, and saileth peacefully to the Far West. And Tum saith unto him: Art thou coming in?" †

Thus all that is mortal of Ptah-meri is left in its last resting place, and his soul journeys to the West, — to Amenti, — the abode of the dying Sun god.

* The dead person.

† *Book of the Dead.*

A CELEBRATED EGYPTIAN

I

IT is the coronation day of the young Princess *Hat-shep-su*, and all Thebes is alive with excited expectation. From early daybreak knots of men and women have gathered at the street corners and in the open squares, discussing and taking counsel together as to the best way to view the whole of the great pageant. For people fifteen hundred years before Christ were just as eager for amusement and novelty as we of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

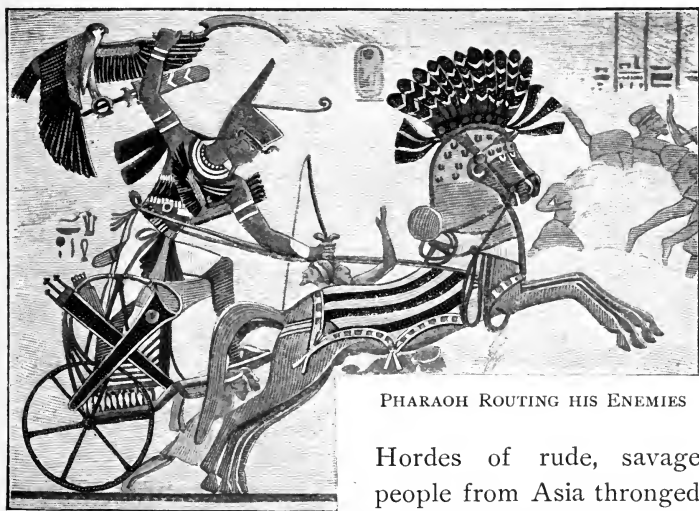
King Tehuti-mes has several children, among them two sons; but his favorite child is *Hat-shep-su*, a talented girl, bold and self-reliant, and though yet in her teens, so energetic that her father has decided to allow her a share in the government of his kingdom. This is no new step for an Egyptian sovereign to take, but it is seldom that the honor is conferred upon a woman.

Pharaoh intends that the ceremonies of her coronation shall be imposing, and worthy of one whose royal ancestors stretch back in an unbroken line, even to the distant times of the Amenemhats and Usertsens, the powerful monarchs of the twelfth dynasty.

And the king has all the means to show a right royal pageant to his people. For his armies have returned from the distant southern lands, laden with spoils — rare animals, cattle, panther skins, incense, gold, ivory, ebony, and many captives from the tropics.

Pharaoh has also "washed his heart" against his enemies to the east and north, in the distant countries by the Euphrates, the "Land between the Rivers." What better time than this grand parade to show his people how he has punished the audacious and "vile" enemies of their land.

For it is well known that many years before the time of Tehuti-mes I. a great calamity fell upon Egypt.



PHARAOH ROUTING HIS ENEMIES

Hordes of rude, savage people from Asia thronged into the Delta, and overran all the northern country. They laid waste the cities, and destroyed with sacrilegious hands the temples of the gods.

These rude people set up a kingdom of their own, whose rulers are known in the Egyptian tongue as *Haqu-shasu*, (Hyksos), or "Shepherd Kings," because before coming into Egypt they were merely the chiefs of wandering shepherd tribes.

The Hyksos held the land for several centuries, ruling it with an iron hand. According to Manetho, "They inflicted every kind of barbarity upon the inhabitants, slaying some, and reducing the wives and children of others to slavery."

The Hyksos were ignorant and unlearned, but coming into Egypt and living among so highly cultured a people, they soon learned and became quite civilized. They



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH

adorned the temples of the Delta with huge statues made in the form of sphinxes, the heads of which were the images of their kings.

But the Hyksos also learned to live at their ease, and lost a measure of the fierce fighting power which had enabled them to conquer the land, and when at last the Prince of Thebes took courage to rebel against them, they were not strong enough to resist.

The last Hyksos king sent an insulting message to

Se-ge-nen-ra, Prince of Thebes, commanding him, among other things, to worship the Hyksos gods. The whole country took up arms, and some years later the last of the hated foreigners were driven out of Egypt by a Pharaoh called *Aahmes*, "The Moon child."

The Egyptian sovereigns lived in continual fear of the fierce Asiatics, lest they might again invade Egypt. After *Aahmes* died, his son and grandson made many raids over the border to keep these people in fear and subjection.

The Syrian wars of Tehuti-mes I. were wars of this kind, and once having marched his armies through the borderlands, he found the countries beyond so wealthy and tempting, and the booty so rich, that he kept up a regular series of campaigns. These wars were continued for five hundred years by the Pharaohs who succeeded *Aahmes*.

II

But all this time we are forgetting to look out for Hateshep-su's coronation procession. The king's outrunners in gaudy livery have already reached our corner. There comes the chariot of Pharaoh himself, a two-wheeled affair, drawn by spirited horses which dash aside the pedestrians in the narrow street. Woe to any one who blocks the king's way. Horses are a novelty to the Thebans, and many are the wondering and admiring comments as the strange animals gallop along.

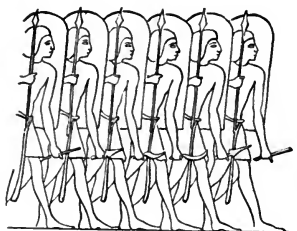
The king stands upright in his car, a servant at his side. He has exchanged, for to-day, his long dress wig with side laps, and the false beard he usually wears on state occasions, for the *kepersk*, or war helmet of the Pharaohs.

He considers this a more fitting headdress, and better in keeping with the war trophies which it pleases him to display.

The litter of Hat-shep-su follows after her father's chariot. Behind the silken curtains peeps forth the youthful face of the young princess. Her litter is borne by negro slaves, whose ebony limbs glisten with oil and are laden with chains and anklets of gold.

Now comes a section of the "grand army" of Egypt, veterans of many wars, armed with shields, spears, and bows and arrows; then a relay of slaves, leading wild animals, horses, and strange cattle. Still others bear panniers of Syrian corn, olive oil, honey, and balm of Gilead from Judea, and basket after basket of incense gum from far-off Arabia. The Egyptian sovereigns will risk any number of lives to get this precious gum, so prized for use in the temples.

Heaps of gold, silver, and copper rings dazzle the eyes



VETERANS OF MANY WARS

of the people and testify to the wealth of the sovereign, though he has not half emptied his huge storehouses. The Egyptians may well be proud of so powerful and wealthy a ruler, so thinks Tehuti-mes.

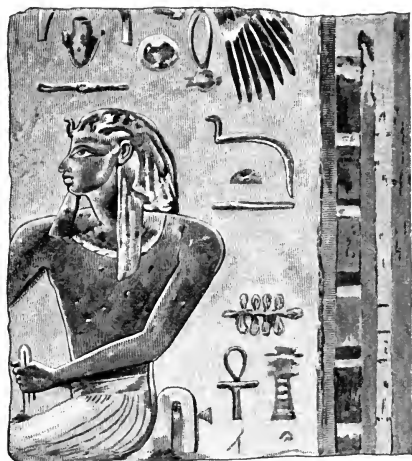
A long train of court officials with their bodyguards brings up the rear, and the populace closes in as the procession passes along toward the temple of Amen. It is there that the most imposing ceremonies must be solemnized, when the

Sun god is implored to ratify the accession of the young queen.

Tehuti-mes alights, and the whole company passes through the mighty gateway, and onward to the chamber where the gods dwell. They pause before the colossal statues of Amen, Mut, and Khonsu, the special gods of Thebes.

In an attitude of adoration Tehuti-mes addresses Amen :
 "I come unto thee, O King of the gods. Bestow the Black Land and the Red Land upon my daughter, *Ma-ka-ra*, 'the Ever-living,' as thou hast done for me. My daughter who loves thee, who is thine. Thou hast given the world to her. Thou hast chosen her as queen."

Now we observe that Tehuti-mes does not call his daughter by the familiar



QUEEN HAT-SHEP-SU

"Hat-shep-su." There is a reason for this. From time immemorial it has been the custom of Egyptian kings to take an additional name on ascending the throne. This name is each sovereign's special property and designation. It is placed beside the birth name when written, and each is inclosed in an oval, which we call a "cartouch." None but royal personages may write their names within

a cartouch. The second name is sometimes called the "throne name," sometimes the "solar name," this last because it usually has in it the name of the Sun god — Ra.

Now there is also a reason for this. The Egyptian Pharaohs actually believe themselves to be the direct descendants of the Sun god, and by a sort of self-flattery assume the "solar name" to proclaim the fact to the world. Hat-shep-su's solar name announces that she is



OBELISK OF HAT-SHEP-SU

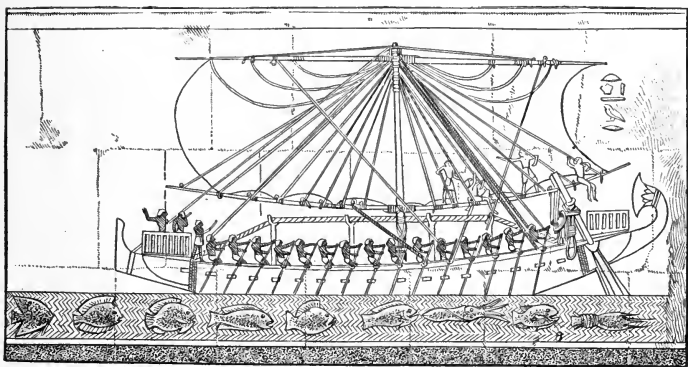
Ma, "Truth," *Ka*, "the Life of," Ra; *i.e.* "Truth the Life of Ra." You have learned the signification of *Ka*,—it was the *energy*, the ghostly *life* of a person, which the Egyptians believed lived on and on for untold ages after his death.

Ma-ka-ra receives the scepter from the god, and after many complicated ceremonies and sacrifices, and much

burning of incense, she goes forth from the temple, no longer a mere princess, but a full-fledged queen. Amen-Ra has accepted her, henceforth the people are to revere and obey her as their sovereign lady.

Tehuti-mes I. married his daughter to her half-brother Tehuti-mes II., who died soon after his father. Then for sixteen years Hat-shep-su ruled alone. She was equal to

the task. Her reign was peaceful and prosperous. The great queen had her peculiarities. One was that her subjects should call her "King" instead of "Queen." Whenever she had an inscription carved, it was expressed in a very peculiar way. Hat-shep-su gave two immense obelisks (the tallest in Egypt) to the temple. On one she says: "*His* Majesty gave these two gilded obelisks to *her* father Amen, that her name might live in this temple forever. *His* Majesty began this work in the fifteenth



FIRST SHIP OF THE FLEET BOUND FOR PUNT

year of *her* reign, and finished it in her sixteenth year." In some places she is styled, "He, my daughter," and "His Majesty, herself."

Hat-shep-su was very proud of her two obelisks, as well she might be. One of them says: "I who sit in the palace remember who hath made me; my heart hath hastened to raise for him two obelisks, whose summits shall reach unto the heavens. When those who shall come after me see my monuments after many years have

passed, and behold what I have done, do not say, 'I know thee not, I know thee not.' For I have finished the work. I swear it by the love of Ra, who has breathed into my nostrils the breath of life."

The "Woman-King" built herself a magnificent funery temple, the like of which has never been seen before or since her time. As she had no wars to record (being a peaceful ruler), she covered its walls with pictures of a great mercantile expedition which she sent out to the "Land of Punt." This was a tropical country where the incense trees grew in abundance.

This expedition was the glory of Hat-shep-su's reign. She fitted out a fleet which sailed away from Egypt, and



THE KING AND QUEEN OF PUNT BRINGING PRESENTS TO THE EGYPTIANS

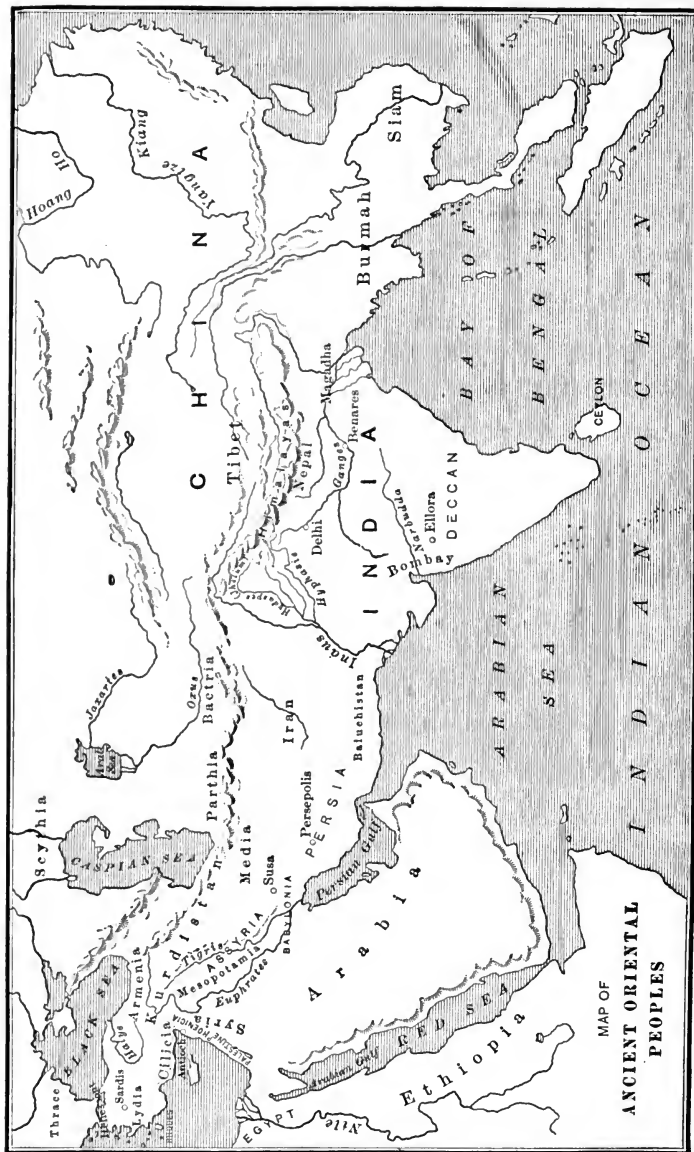
arrived safely at its destination. The natives were very much astonished at the sight of the Egyptian ships, and their chief and his family came down to greet the queen's ambassadors with hands uplifted in surprise and supplication. "How have you reached this land unknown to the men of Egypt? Have you descended hither by the paths of the sky, or sailed the Sea of *Ta-neter*?"

The Egyptians were great portrait painters, and we may be sure that on the walls of Hat-shep-su's temple they made faithful pictures of the chief and his family, whose appearance is very grotesque.

In exchange for a few trifling gifts the natives loaded the ships of the Egyptians with all sorts of valuables, — cinnamon wood, ebony, resins, ivory, all kinds of spices and perfumes, and tropical trees planted in tubs. These latter were set out in the garden of Amen.

The great expedition returned safely to Egypt and was received with great rejoicing. We do not learn how long it was gone, but doubtless it was a sufficient length of time for friends and kindred to get anxious. Hat-shep-su devoted a generous share of the cargo to her "father Amen" in the temple. This was a great expedition to be undertaken so many centuries ago by inexperienced sailors, with little ships and without a compass.

We know not when Hat-shep-su died, nor where she lies buried, but it is no doubt somewhere near her funerary temple.



THE DWELLERS IN BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA

THE CHALDÆANS

I

THAT very ancient race which we call the Chaldæan can claim to be quite as old, if not older, than the Egyptian. During the thousands of years that the people of the Nile valley were growing into a powerful nation, while they were building great cities, huge temples, and mighty pyramids, the Chaldæans, in like manner, gradually advanced from a state of savagery and became a highly civilized people. Seven or eight thousand years ago the lower valley of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers was filled with their cities and villages, and swarmed with a dense population.

These people did not call their land "Chaldæa." They knew nothing of such a name. En-sag-saganna, the first of their kings, whom we know anything about, styled himself the "lord of Kengi," which meant the "land of canals and reeds," a most appropriate name which describes the flat, marshy plain very well. Later, the sovereigns called themselves "kings of Sumir and Accad."

En-sag-saganna speaks of conquering the land of "Kis," which lay to the north. The natives of Kis were helped in their battles with the Kengians by the shepherd tribes of the "Land of the Bow," still farther to the north. We



shall hear of these fighting people later on. Some centuries afterward they made themselves masters of Kengi. At the time of En-sag-saganna they were only wandering tribes, moving hither and thither to find pasturage for their flocks.

Now the people of ancient Kengi, the Chaldæans, as we call them, built many cities, and they builded them, as they imagined, so firmly and so well that they would last through all time. They reared huge temples to their gods, enriched them with the spoils taken in war, and surrounded them with enormous brick walls.

These temples were like great fortresses. But for many hundreds of years they have been ruin heaps, — mounds scattered over the great valley which was once enlivened by the traffic of a busy nation.

The people who lived and died there lie buried under their dust, and we of to-day should know nothing of their lives, and scarcely anything



CHALDÆANS' HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS

of their history — we could not even imagine what a great and powerful people they were — were it not that in these latter days certain enterprising persons, called “archæologists,” have undertaken with pick and spade to dig them up again. Obligated to go far back beyond the time when the first histories were written, the mounds and ruins of ancient cities are their only history books. From them, a bit here, and a bit there, they piece together the fascinating story of the far-away past.

This story we have learned to appreciate. We know

now that these ancient nations were as important in their day as we are in ours. They worked out many a problem. It is the very beginnings of things which are always the most difficult. The people who lived thousands of years ago were those who had to make such beginnings. We owe them an immense debt of gratitude for what they accomplished and transmitted to us.

One of the cities of ancient Chaldæa was called Nippur. An old legend speaks of Nippur as the oldest city of the world. Its ruins are near those of the great city of Babylon. At present there is at Nippur a vast mound of earth, one part of which rises above the plain in the shape of a cone. The people round about call it *Bint-el-Amir*, "the Amir's Daughter." It is nothing less than a vast mass of ancient buildings, one set piled upon the ruins of another. Over sixty feet down from the topmost layer are the remains of the oldest structures, and these date perhaps seven or eight thousand years back.

At this very remote date were laid at Nippur the foundation walls of a great temple dedicated to *Mul-lil* or *El-lil*, the "Lord of the Ghost-world." He was one of the pagan gods of the ancient Kengians. His temple was styled *E-kur*, the "Mountain house," because the gods were supposed to dwell in a great mountain. The temple must have seemed gigantic in the flat plain of Chaldæa. It had at one time a hundred and thirty rooms.

All the nations which overran and settled in Chaldæa held *Mul-lil* in great honor. They repaired or rebuilt his temples, leveling the older ruins. The mounds in this way became higher and higher with each rebuilding. The Chaldæans were obliged to build with brick, because there

was no stone in the country. Stone was sometimes imported from other lands, but it was too expensive for building purposes. It was used for statues, vases, and the like.

It was in the mound of Nippur that the inscription of En-sag-saganna was found, news which has reached us from this ancient king seven or eight thousand years after he caused it to be written down. Not long after his time, the people of the north, who were of a different race, which we call Semitic, came down in such numbers that they conquered and subdued Kengi. All the cities soon came under the sway of the fierce foreigners.

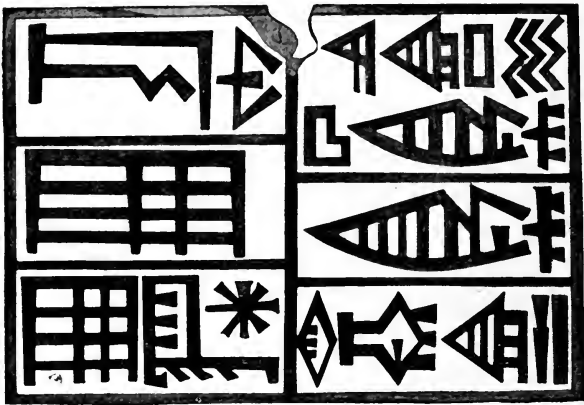
From the time of this first invasion the ancient Chaldeans tried hard to deliver their land. Sometimes they were successful, and for a while the country was ruled by native kings of the old stock. But the invaders always came back and eventually carried the day, establishing themselves firmly in the land, which they never quitted again.

II

Their first great king was Sargon of Accad, or as he was called in his own language, *Shargani-shar-ali shar Agade*, i.e. Shargani-shar-ali, king of Agade or Accad. He was a mighty ruler, but like Mena, first Pharaoh of Egypt, was not born a king. An Assyrian king who lived many hundreds of years after Sargon tells us that one of his statues had the following inscription upon it:—

“Shargani-shar-ali, the mighty King, the King of Agade am I. My mother was a princess, my father I know not. The brother of my father was a mountaineer. I was born

in secret, and my mother concealed me. She placed me in a basket of reeds, she sealed the mouth with bitumen. She cast me into the river, which did not swallow me up. The river bore me away, and brought me to Akki, the drawer of water. Akki, the drawer of water, received me in the goodness of his heart. Akki, the drawer of water, reared me to boyhood. He made me gardener. My service was



Shar-gani-shar-âli shar Aga-de bâni bît bêl
Sharganisharali, king of Agade, restorer of the temple of Bel

BRICK STAMP OF SARGON I.

From *Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania*, by permission

pleasing to the goddess Ishtar, and I became king. I commanded the black-headed people, and ruled over them."

This legend resembles the story of Moses, who lived more than two thousand five hundred years after Sargon.

Sargon's son, *Naram-Sin*, repaired the great Nippur temple of Mul-lil, or *Bel*, as they now called him. He also surrounded the whole city with an immense brick

wall, fifty-two feet wide, the lower part of which can still be seen. Thus much and more has been learned from the great mound of Nippur.

The fame of Naram-Sin lasted all through Chaldæan and Assyrian history. *Nabu-na-id*, who lived five hundred years before Christ, was the last king who ruled independently over Babylon. He was a man who had "archæological" tastes. The ancient kings of Chaldæa had started the custom of placing in the foundation walls of the edifices they built certain stones upon which were engraved a short account of their exploits. Searching for these stones, Nabunaid caused the foundations of the great temple of the Sun god at Sippara to be explored.

He was rewarded by the discovery of a stone bearing the stamp of Naram-Sin. Says Nabunaid, "What for ages no king among kings had seen,—the old foundation stone of Naram-Sin, Shamash, the great Lord of Beth-Uri, revealed to me."³⁸ And he adds that Naram-Sin lived three thousand two hundred years before his time, which gives for Sargon and his son an immense antiquity of nearly six thousand years.

The northern people were brave, and had conquered for themselves a rich and fertile land, but at the time they entered Chaldæa they were not much more than savages, with little culture or civilization. The Chaldæans were far ahead of them, but the conquerors soon learned, and in the course of time the two peoples became one nation. We call this nation the Babylonians, from the name of the great city of Babylon,—*Bab-ili*, the "Gate of God." This state of affairs lasted for many years, till a fresh horde came in from the north. These people were the Assyrians.

III

The ancient dwellers by the Tigris and Euphrates were a superstitious people, with a very disagreeable religion. They believed in many gods and evil demons. Images of these demons were buried in the foundations of their houses and under the doorsills. They scattered additional ones about the house. The idea was that if an evil spirit came, and caught sight of his own self, he would flee away terrified. When you look at their image of the Southwest Wind, I think you will decide that he was perfectly right to run away from himself.



SOUTHWEST WIND

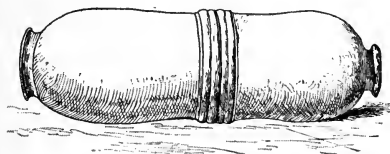
People lived in continual fear of these evil spirits. "Door cannot shut them out, nor bolt prevent them from entering; they glide like serpents beneath the door, and creep through the joints of hinges like a puff of wind."³⁸

A man might even swallow tiny ones in the food he ate or the water he drank. Evil spirits were most active in the dark hours of the night, when they visited a person in dreams, and tormented him with the terrible nightmare. One way of escape was to apply to the sorcerer, and obtain magic charms whereby to escape all these dangers. A potent spell was to twist magic threads seven times around the legs. Sentences from a holy book attached to the strings were powerful enough to scare away the unwelcome goblins.

It was some comfort to know that good spirits could be set upon the watch. So *Nergal* (god of war) was stationed (*i.e.* his image) at the top of the wall, and buried under the threshold. *Ea* and *Marduk* were in the passage to the right and left of the gate, and *Narudi*, the Sun king, in the earth near the couch. Food and drink were regularly placed before these gods night and morning, and they were invited to partake. — “O ye, the Sublime Ones, children of Ea, eat and drink well! Keep watch that no evil penetrate to us.”²⁹



GENIUS WITH EAGLE'S HEAD



A JAR-SHAPED COFFIN OF CLAY

When a man died in Babylonia, he was placed in a vaulted brick tomb, or a round or jar-shaped coffin of clay. His weapons and seal were buried with him. His wife was laid away decked in all her finery,

holding her spinning whorl and thread in her hand. By her side were perfume bottles for the toilet, and the

black paste which she needed to ornament eyebrows and eyelids.

Vases were placed in all tombs, well filled with provisions, dates, grain, wine, and oil, for the dead Chaldæan needed as much after-death sustenance as his brother of Egypt; above all, he must have pure water to drink. An ancient legend records that there is a "spring of life which bubbles up perpetually beneath the throne of the spirits of the underworld, of which whosoever drinks will live forever."³⁸

Cemeteries were outside the cities. None but the royal family were allowed a burial place within the city walls. Their tombs were like houses of several chambers, amply provided with offerings of food and wine which were continually renewed by the pious attention of the living.

In looking over the pictures which the Chaldæans and Assyrians have left us, we find many that are very peculiar, among others a figure half fish, half man. According to a legend, this was the being who first taught men all useful arts, how to plow and plant and reap, how to spin and weave, how to read and write. He was called Ea, or Oannes, and it is recorded that he taught men in the very beginning all that serves to soften life. Morning after morning, at break of day, he came forth from the sea, and at night, the day's task ended, sank out of sight again beneath its waters. The Chal-



EA, THE FISH GOD

dæans profited by the teachings of this beneficent being,

and in gratitude for his inestimable gifts, raised him to the rank of a god, and worshiped him.

Altogether, these ancient nations of the Tigris and Euphrates were a most peculiar and interesting people.



THE FIGHTING ASSYRIANS

I

NO others among the very ancient nations were such born fighters as the Assyrians. They have been styled the "Romans of Antiquity," because, like the Roman people, their watchword was ever war and conquest. Their armies seem to have been always on the move. Very bloody and cruel they were about it too. All ancient nations were barbarous in war, but the Assyrians, so far as we can judge, carry off the palm for fierceness and cruelty.

On the other hand, their southern neighbors, the Babylonians, though they often found it needful bravely to defend their own territory, and sometimes went abroad for foreign conquest, yet seem to have been, on the whole, of a peaceable disposition, given to cultivating their fertile lands, and developing all the arts of a civilized people. No wonder they were fond of agriculture, when we are told that they sometimes reaped three hundred fold for what they had sown.

The Assyrians had not always been strong or powerful. At first they were a small band which wandered forth from its home, perhaps from Babylonia. The ancient

history book of the Hebrew people, which we call the Old Testament, says, "Out of that land [Shinar] went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth, and Calah." And in fact, there are now, on the right bank of the Tigris River the ruins of an ancient city which is believed to have been the first home of these Semitic emigrants. It was called *Aushar* or *Asshur*, from which comes the name Assyria.

The plain of "Shinar" is thought to be *Shumir* or *Sumir*, an ancient name of a section of Babylonia. Centuries after the emigration, the Assyrians returned as enemies to the very land from which their ancestors had



ASSYRIANS STORMING A FORTRESS

migrated. They had become strong enough to descend upon it for war and conquest.

The people of the little settlement at Asshur waxed in numbers, spread, and built cities. Their southern territory was a bare and arid plain needing constant irrigation ;

in the north were rocky hills, and thick, trackless forests.

These people were always ready to fight. Let the least occasion arise, and the hordes came forth in war array, putting themselves under the protection of their great god Asshur, in full confidence that he would lead them to victory. When an Assyrian king came off victorious, he always gave Asshur the credit. "The majesty of Asshur, my lord, overwhelmed them; they came and kissed my feet," says king after king of the victorious Assyrian armies. "Asshur is the great god, who rules the host of the gods."

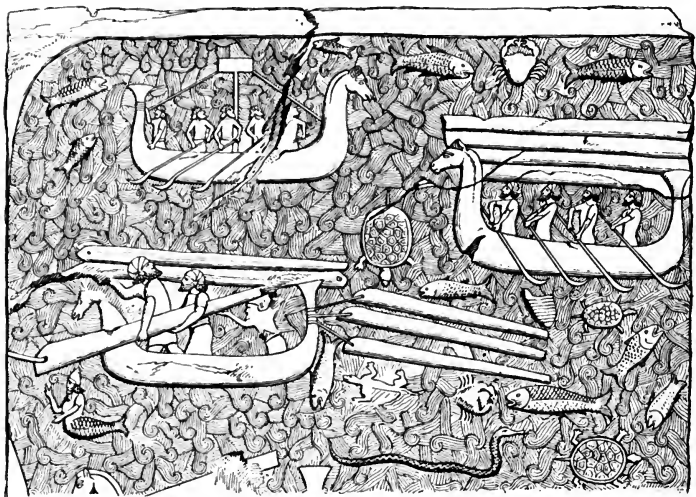
We may have doubts as to the ability of Asshur, but there is certainly no cause to disbelieve in the bravery of these people, who won so many great battles. For centuries, they were a scourge and a terror to all surrounding nations.

Meanwhile the stay-at-homes were not permitted to be idle. It was their part to furnish the "sinews of war," *i.e.* the paraphernalia and supplies for the fighters. There were the heavy bows, arrows, and spears to make, besides wickerwork shields, and shields of bronze for infantry and charioteers. The chariots were clumsy things, two-wheeled, with a single pole, to which a span of horses was harnessed. The charioteer and driver rode standing.

Workshops were kept busy supplying slings and darts, standards, tents, and baggage carts, besides immense battering-rams and huge rolling engines for destroying the walls of foreign citadels. So many wars kept the people constantly busy, and must have been a heavy tax upon them.

II

The Assyrians were no sailors. When they required ships, it was the people of other countries whom they compelled, not only to build, but to sail, their vessels. On their own rivers they used rafts, and small round boats made of reeds. When the Assyrian infantry started to cross a river, each man took care of himself. He half swam, half floated upon a skin filled with air.



ASSYRIANS TRANSPORTING TIMBER (THE FISH GOD LEADS THE FLEET)

The Assyrians were merchants and traders, as well as fighters. Being an inland people, they traded by land. In those old days, all such traffic was carried on by great caravans, which traveled with merchandise from one country to another. Several long caravan routes led west from Assyria. It may have been to gain control of this profitable trade that the Assyrians made so many wars. As

far west as the Mediterranean Sea their armies marched, obtaining not only rich tribute from the nations whose territories they crossed, but the coveted products of those distant and barbarous countries, whose borders lay far away toward the setting sun, beyond the great sea.

Assyrian kings had a custom of moving large numbers of people from one country to another. Not satisfied with conquering a city or stronghold, and murdering a part of its defenders, they often gathered together the remnant, and set them upon the march for some other land, perhaps hundreds of miles away.

There they were compelled to settle down and make themselves homes in a strange land, among a people with different customs and habits from their own. Often it was into Assyria itself that these people were driven, and the homes which they had left desolate were filled up by bands of Assyrians. The kings sought in this way to make their captives more obedient to the rule of Assyria. The plan did not always work, and was one of the reasons why the great Assyrian empire finally fell to pieces.

A famous king called Tiglath-Pileser lived about 1100 B.C. He was a great military genius. His first move was against his next door neighbors to the west. He tells how he struggled through bleak and inaccessible mountain passes. "I entered steep and high mountains. Through mighty mountains I made my way. When it was too rugged for my chariot, I clambered on my feet. I passed through defiles, the inside of which no king before me had seen." *

* From a cylinder of Tiglath-Pileser I. See Ragozin, *Story of Assyria*, pp. 5, 6, 44-48.

It was a nation called the Khatti which gave him such a rough tramp, but Tiglath-Pileser says exultantly: "With their corpses I strewed the mountains. I took away their



ASSYRIAN ARMY CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

property, a countless booty. Six thousand warriors came and kissed my feet. I carried them away, and counted them among the people of my own land. No rival had I in battle. To the land of Assyria I added land, to its people I added people."

As Assyria became more and more powerful, the number of her captives increased. The great king Sennacherib boasts of the conquest in one single campaign of two hundred and eighty thousand captives, besides flocks and beasts of burden to the amount of over nine hundred thousand head, a vast spoil which he triumphantly bore away to Assyria.

In spite of occasional wars with their kindred in the south, the Assyrians seem always to have had a profound respect for the learning and religion of these countries. In fact, Babylonia was their mother country, much wiser than they, and although they were often rebellious children, they seem to have been glad to sit at the feet of Babylonian learning.

The Assyrians, being fighters, had no time to cultivate

literature. Although some of the kings collected large libraries, it is probable that at least as late as seven or eight hundred years B.C. the great body of the people could not read or write, and when they had occasion for such things were obliged to employ scribes, who were specially taught the puzzle of the cuneiform writing. We shall hear of this writing and its difficulties later on.

The Assyrians seem to have been inclined to worship one single god, Asshur, their supreme deity. They could not, however, shake off the influence of Babylonia, which kept up the worship of a swarm of gods, created one by one out of the "goblin religion" of early times. Not that the Babylonians ever became free from the fear of any one of these disagreeable specters, even after the belief in the great gods was established. They seem to have been a people truly to be pitied, as far as their religion was concerned.

The Assyrians, having such a respect for Babylonian religion, adopted the whole list of their gods, wholesale. Asshur they put at the head as supreme ruler of all. Whenever they made war in Babylonia, they took good care not to offend the gods. They rebuilt their temples, added to them, and dedicated upon their altars a portion of the spoils of victory. In this way they hoped to escape the penalty of impiety, for the deities might not unreasonably be wrathful at the invasion and desolation of their country.

III

The Assyrians, like their southern neighbors, used a large amount of brick for building purposes. They had

plenty of stone, but preferred to imitate Babylonian architecture, rather than follow a new style of their own. In fact, they do not seem to have been an inventive people. Probably they had small leisure, being so constantly engaged in war.

On coming to the throne, each Assyrian king built himself a new palace, or made additions to those built before his time. Sometimes he did both. Stone material was often used over and over. It was easier to steal from an old palace its sculptured slabs, and those great winged bulls of which the Assyrians were so fond, and set them up somewhere else, than to incur the expense of making new ones.

A king would thus appropriate a slab upon which one of his predecessors had recorded his great military deeds, and turn it face to the wall in one of his own buildings, where it served anew as a huge page upon which to carve the pictures of his own battles and the recital of his conquests. The kings of most ancient nations were experts in this sort of robbery, and nobody was the wiser until, the buildings having gone to ruin, these slabs have tumbled from their places, revealing the double history recorded on their two sides. When the inscriptions could not be thus concealed, it was easy to chisel them out, and put new ones in their places.

When an Assyrian king set about building his palace, he first caused a huge artificial mound to be raised. His royal dwelling must tower above all other buildings. The summit of the mound was covered with a stone platform, and it was then ready for the bricks, which the workmen carried up, a basketful at a time.

Some of the palaces were enormous. King Sargon II., who lived about 700 B.C., built himself both a city and a palace at a place now called Khorsabad. The palace was excavated about fifty years ago. People are now able to read the king's own account of how he built it. "Day and night I planned to build this city," says Sargon, "to raise temples to the gods, and a palace for my kingly use. I gave command to commence the task." It was a great undertaking, but he accomplished it all, — city and palace, in the short space of five years. He then peopled it with captives from the "four quarters of the earth" whom he had gathered together in his campaigns.

His palace alone covered about twenty-five acres of ground, and the front was nearly a quarter of a mile long. It must have been a marvel of beauty. Forty-eight great winged bulls guarded the entrances, and upon the inner walls more than two miles of sculptured slabs related the story of the king's achievements. Costly timber, — palm wood, cypress and cedar, — together with ivory, bronze, and enameled bricks painted in rainbow colors, formed the decorations. Such was this magnificent dwelling which Sargon erected for himself in the "Plain of the Double Springtime," so called because the land produced two harvests each year.

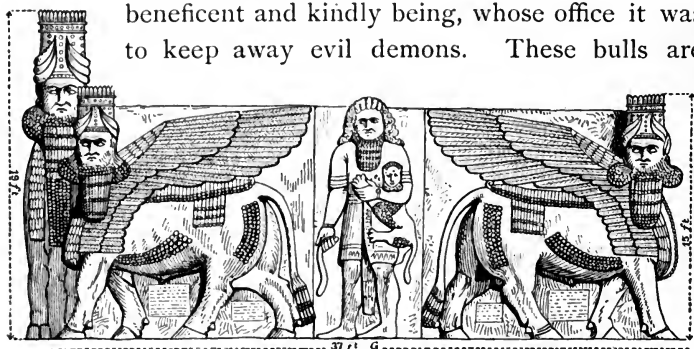
Sargon was a just ruler, having purchased his land and paid in full for it. "That I might not harm the weak or the powerless," says he, "I paid for the land according as its value was set down in the tablets. To those who wanted not the money for their land, I gave field for field, even as they chose."

So good a king could not fail to be pious. The gods

were not forgotten. At one corner of his palace platform arose their temple—the *Ziggurat*, as it is called. Sargon's ziggurat was seven stories high, each story painted a different color. A winding ascent upon the outside led to the summit, where was a little chapel covered with plates of gold.

"Now may Asshur bless this city," says the pious king; "may he shed an eternal luster upon its buildings. May the guardian spirit find favor before him. May he watch day and night, never forsaking this threshold."

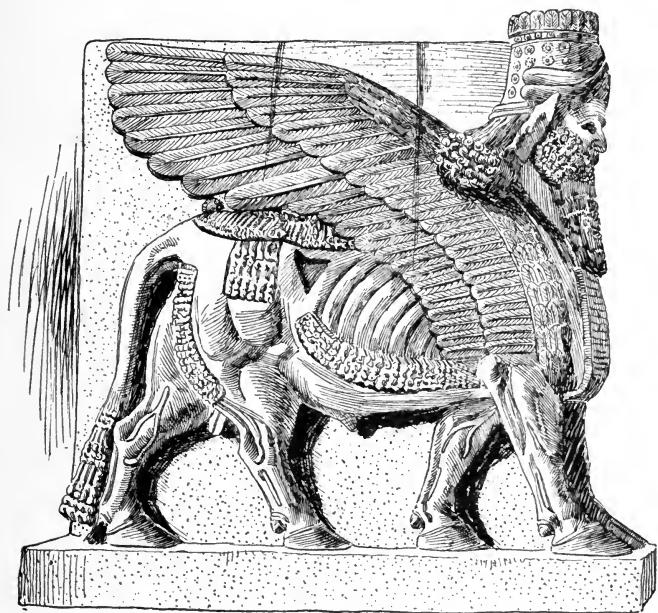
The "guardian spirit" of which Sargon speaks was supposed to dwell within the gigantic bulls which stood guard at the entrances. This spirit was a beneficent and kindly being, whose office it was to keep away evil demons. These bulls are



enormous, some weighing as much as thirty-five tons. They are provided with the wings of an eagle and a man's head adorned with a pair of horns and a royal crown.

The sculptor has played a trick with some of these bulls. He has given them five legs apiece, so placed that there seem to be but four. Facing them, you see only the two fore-legs, planted firmly together, as if to

resist any attempt to move them from their post. But walk to the side, and the animal is striding majestically along. He is no longer stationary. At a certain angle all five legs are visible. In the palace of King Sennach-



erib at ancient Nineveh there were ten of these monstrous bulls upon a single front.

Sargon did not live long to enjoy his palace or his new city. He was assassinated less than two years after he had finished his great work.

THE CUNEIFORM WRITING

I

WE are unable to get back to a time when the ancient Chaldæans were not considerably advanced in civilization. When first heard of, they have drained the land of Chaldæa, and brought it to high state of cultivation; they are building great edifices, they are walling in their towns, and carrying on commerce with other nations; their sculpture is by no means to be despised, and they have become quite skillful in all domestic arts.

But more significant perhaps than any of these things is the fact that they are already a reading and writing people, for reading and writing imply a great advance beyond a savage state, and the ancient Chaldæans were quite proficient in these arts. Like the Egyptians, they began to write by making pictures. This is proved by the oldest inscriptions, which are rude and uncouth characters, some of them showing plainly their picture origin.

Among the treasures which the pick and spade have brought to light in Chaldæa and Assyria are vases, weapons, household utensils, tools of copper and bronze, playthings, gold and silver jewelry, weights, seals, sculptured slabs of stone, huge statues, and winged bulls with human heads, and last but not least, whole libraries of books—tons of them; not made of paper, not written on parchment or papyrus, nor even engraved on metal, but stamped in queer, uncouth characters on common clay. This strange writing looks for all the world like a mass of nail-marks scattered at random. One would imagine it impos-

sible to read such a lot of scratches and dents, each one of which looks so much like all the others; and indeed it required a great deal of time and patience to master the cuneiform writing. Such as it was, however, we know that it served the needs of Chaldæa and Assyria for thirty centuries at least, and probably for a much longer time.

The people of ancient Sumir and Accad began by making pictures, which were merely silhouettes of the various familiar objects seen every day. But because pictures are tedious and difficult to make, especially upon clay, the ancient scribes, as the years went on, changed and simplified them little by little, leaving off a mark here and a mark there, until the later cuneiform shows far less traces of its picture origin, than does the Egyptian hieratic writing.

When a Chaldæan or Assyrian scribe was called upon to exercise his talent, which must have been frequently the case, as the mass of the people were not skilled in this difficult art, he picked out a tablet, of which he always kept a supply on hand, as we keep writing paper. A little water softened up the surface and made it ready for the marks, which he pressed in with a stylus of stone, copper, or bronze. In the oldest times the marks were made with a sharp-pointed instrument, which made fine lines of a uniform thickness; later the end of the stylus was cut in the form of a triangle. This instrument it is which made the letters which we call "cuneiform," or "wedge-shaped." Sometimes they are termed "arrow-headed" characters. When the writing was finished, the tablets were put into a kiln and baked. This made them durable and prevented them from crumbling away.

II

The Chaldæans were not a very handsome people, if we can judge by the portraits they have left of themselves, neither do they seem to have been artistic; that is, they did not have the ability to make graceful pictures, or even to improve the appearance of their writing. The cuneiform characters are stiff and angular, and neither fine nor finished, like the beautiful hieroglyphics of Egypt. Papyrus as a writing material, if it was known at all, was



ASSYRIAN CLAY TABLET

too expensive for common use; but clay they had—in abundance; it needed only to be dug up and pressed into shape, and it was ready for the stamp. Clay books are not by any means to be despised. Though heavy and awkward to handle, they are of all things the most durable, for fire will not burn them up, neither will water dissolve them, and when broken the bits can easily be put together again.

So perhaps the Chaldæans and Assyrians were not so very foolish to write upon clay. Their books have slept safely for centuries beneath the mounds which cover the ancient cities. Many are none the worse for it, being clear and readable as when first written.

It is supposed that the Semitic Babylonians, who over-

ran Chaldæa, were an illiterate people who could not read or write. They borrowed the writing of the people whose land they invaded. You will remember how the ancient Egyptians began to write, at first using a picture for every word. Then by rebus writing they changed the "idea word" into a "sound word." Using a picture next for each syllable, they finally ended by a separate picture for the sound of each letter, and in this way invented an alphabet. The Chaldæans went through the same process, except that they never got beyond syllables. There they stopped short; they had no idea of an alphabet.

Now when the Semitic Babylonians borrowed the old Sumerian writing of the Chaldæans, which was made for a different language from theirs, they got themselves, as well as those who are trying nowadays to read what they wrote, into difficulties. The old Sumerian pictures had come to represent both the sounds of words and the sounds of syllables, and nearly every word had several different pronunciations. When the Semites borrowed the pictures, they not only kept the old pronunciations, but added new ones of their own. Clay dictionaries were finally made, in which the characters were explained by parallel rows of Sumerian and Assyrian words. At the great library of the Assyrian king, Assur-bani-pal, which was unearthed at the ruins of Nineveh, about one quarter of the tablets were found to consist of these dictionaries.

The ancient people of the Euphrates valley wrote both in vertical and horizontal lines. Some believe that the vertical was the more ancient of the two fashions of writing.

The characters themselves became very much changed in

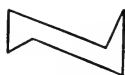


(1)

appearance, as the centuries went on. Thus the ancient Chaldæans made an awkward picture of a foot and leg (1) when they wished to write the word "go." Horizontally



(6)



(2)

written, it appeared as in (2). This picture, after centuries of change, thus took the form (3).

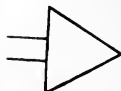


(7)



(3)

A rude figure of a fish (4) finally was made as in (5). The ancient Chaldaeans represented the human hand by five strokes in which we can trace an attempt to show the four

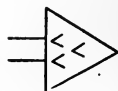


(8)



(4)

closed fingers and the curve of the thumb. The triangular stylus of later times made it as in (6). Later on, the Assyrians improved upon this character



(9)

by dropping one of the fingers (7). The rude strokes like an arrow head (8) represent an ox's



(5)

head. A mountain was represented by three little peaks. When the Chaldæans wished to write "wild ox" they put the three peaks inside the ox's head, and made it "mountain ox" (9).

Many words among all ancient peoples were written in this manner by combining two symbols; thus, among the Chaldæans, "tears" by the two pictures for "eye" and "water," *i.e.* "water of the eye"; "rain" by "sky" and "water," — "water of the sky," etc.

The old Sumerian writing had over five hundred pictures, later the Semitic Babylonian-Assyrian only about three hundred. As most of the pictures had more than one pronunciation, you can see what a task it must have been to learn them. Suppose instead of twenty-six letters we had to write with five hundred, or even three hundred!

But the cuneiform writing could be abbreviated, and thus a great amount of matter stamped upon a single tablet. The Assyrians often made the wedges very small, and it is suspected that the scribes sometimes made use of magnifying glasses; and in fact, upon the site of ancient Nineveh a crystal lens was found which had been ground by turning upon a lathe.

III

The cuneiform characters were traced on all sorts of things, on bricks, little clay barrels, cylinders, on slabs of stone, upon statues, on clay plaques, and lastly upon thousands of tablets. These latter are the real "books" of these ancient people.

In the ruins of the city of Lagash, thirty-three thousand clay tablets were found, and more than thirty-two thousand were taken from the mound of Nippur. It will be many years before these are all read. Some are written over with military records,



A CLAY CYLINDER

upon others are hymns to the gods, simple treatises on geography or astronomy, poems, fables, proverbs, lists of stones, trees, birds, and beasts, letters to distant friends, legal documents, etc.

In the most ancient times those who bought and sold signed the documents by making a mark with the finger nail in the damp clay. Then the scribe (who answered for a lawyer) stamped after these marks — “Nail of So-and-So,” “Nail of So-and-So.” Later on, clay cylinders came into fashion, and every person of means had his own cylinder which he wore suspended to his wrist. He signed by rolling the cylinder over the moist clay.



A CYLINDER
SEAL

These people invented a very ingenious way of preventing frauds. Sometimes dishonest persons changed the writing upon a tablet. To prevent deception, the tablet after being inscribed was covered over with a fresh layer of clay. Upon this envelope, as we may call it, was written an exact facsimile of what was inside. “Thus the forger’s work was in vain. If any dispute arose, the envelope could be broken off before witnesses, and the deed verified by the copy on the inner tablet.”²⁹

The Assyrians built in the Tigris valley a great city which we call Nineveh. About fifty years ago, an important “find” was made at this place. It was a royal library, which had lain undisturbed under many feet of earth for about twenty-five hundred years. The clay tablets were badly broken, for they had fallen from an upper floor. Thousands of these tablets were heaped up, a foot thick, and all closely written over on both sides

with the queer writing. They were packed up and sent to the British Museum in London, where they now are.

Now an Englishman named George Smith was one day poring over a fragment of one of these tablets, trying to make sense out of the scrawls, and this is what he found. As he read, these sentences came forth: "On the Mount Nisir the ship stood still. Then I took a dove and let her fly. The dove flew hither and thither, but finding no resting place returned to the ship." "Why," says Mr.



ASSYRIAN PALACE AT NINEVEH

Smith to himself, "that very thing is in the Bible. It is the story of the Flood." And sure enough, when he had patiently searched among the tablets, he found more fragments of the story. Since that time other Flood fragments have been found, probably about fifteen hundred years older than these.

The Chaldæan people knew the legend, at least as far back as the time of Abraham, probably much earlier. The Chaldæan Noah was called Shamash-Napishtim, or Pir-napishtim, and the story relates that before entering the ark, he buried all the books of the country at a city called Sippara.

HOW GILGAMESH LEARNED ABOUT THE FLOOD

FROM A LEGEND OF ANCIENT CHALDÆA

I

IN all the broad Land of Chaldæa there was no mightier warrior than Gilgamesh, son of the king of Erech. Those were the days when huge monsters, half beast, half human, waged cruel war upon mankind; when scorpion men, griffins, and satyrs came down from the mountains, and forth from the desert, to fall upon the unlucky wight who chanced to cross their paths; when man-headed lions roamed the forests, and fishes with human heads swam in the sea.

To go forth in combat against these monsters was the delight of Gilgamesh. Human foes also yielded to his prowess, and he became king of Erech the "Well-protected," the city of the seven walls.

But not all the people of Erech were well disposed toward their ruler. He had enemies, jealous ones, who envied his glory and would fain destroy him. Day and night their complaints mounted to heaven, and the great gods hearkened to their cry.

The gods consult together: "Who then among the dwellers in Anu's heaven is the cause of this annoyance? 'Tis thou, Aruru, who hast created this man. Make now an antagonist, who shall match him in power. Let them contend together, and Gilgamesh be destroyed."

Aruru hastens to the task. She washes her hands, she

molds a bit of clay and forms Ea-bani, the strong and mighty man of Ninib. She casts him to earth, where he takes up his abode with the beasts of the field.

Now the skin of Ea-bani is covered with hair. His tresses fall upon his shoulders like those of a woman. He has a man's head and body, but the hoofs and tail of a bull, and horns like a goat. He eats grass with the gazelles, and follows the wild animals when they seek the brooks. Though a companion of beasts, Ea-bani has yet the brain of a man, with an intelligence which he has not yet learned to exercise.

This monster is invincible. Even Gilgamesh cannot hope to conquer him, but Shamash the great Sun god chooses to make them friends. He entices Ea-bani from field, forest, and mountain, and teaches the two to love each other. Henceforth Ea-bani serves his master with true and abiding affection.

Gilgamesh with his faithful ally takes the field against the enemies of Erech. For Khumbaba, king of Elam, has ventured forth from his forests, and now moves like a swift hurricane through the land. It is revealed in a threefold vision to Gilgamesh that he will prevail over his enemy, and the two heroes start forth.

By stratagem they penetrate the sacred grove where Khumbaba lies concealed, and surprising the king, they cut off his head, which they bear away in triumph to Erech. Gilgamesh celebrates his victory by a great pageant, and Ea-bani receives the honors promised by Shamash.

But Ishtar the Powerful becomes displeased with Gilgamesh. Full of wrath, she mounts to heaven and demands

that her father Anu shall destroy Gilgamesh. Then Anu creates a horrible urus of enormous size and strength, and

sends it down to earth, where it commits frightful havoc around Erech.



ISHTAR

From an Assyrian tablet

The two warriors go forth to destroy it. Ea-bani seizes it by the tail, while Gilgamesh dispatches it with his dagger. Its horns, of enormous size and beauty, Gilgamesh lays

as a thank-offering upon the altar of Shamash his protector.

Now Ea-bani is warned of approaching death by a three-fold vision of flames and lightning. A mortal illness creeps over him, and in twelve days he descends to the cave of Aralu.* For Gilgamesh the joy of triumph is turned to mourning, and he weeps bitterly for his friend. Gloomy presentiments weigh upon his spirit, for again has the vengeance of Ishtar fallen upon him. He is stricken with a plague of leprosy, so that all his admirers turn from him in loathing.

In despair at his destiny, Gilgamesh bethinks him of the one means of escape from a life of suffering, and an untimely death. He must reach the abode of Pir-napish-tim, the "distant one," who dwells afar off, where the rivers meet. He alone can impart the secret of immortality.

For in that blessed abode is the Fountain of Life, whose waters cleanse from all mortal ills, and the Youth-giving

* Abode of the dead, supposed to be situated beneath the earth.

Plant, one leaf of which will enable him to shake off the burden of years. The road to this happy country is beset with dire perils, and no mortal who has presumed to tread it was ever known to return. But Gilgamesh sets bravely forth, driven to despair by his woeful plight.

He enters a gloomy valley: "I came to a glen at night. Lions I saw, and was afraid. I raised my head and prayed to Sin.* To the leader of the gods my prayer came. He heard my prayer and was gracious to me."²¹

Now Gilgamesh approaches that mighty mountain whose boundaries are from sunrise to sunset, and whose foundations rest in the Abode of the Dead. Scorpion men guard the pathway, "of terror-inspiring aspect, whose appearance is deadly, of awful splendor, shattering mountains."²¹

Trembling at their terrible sight, Gilgamesh hastens to recount his woes, and begs leave to pass through their realm, that he may continue his wearisome quest. The Scorpion men graciously permit him to pass.

Again all is a desolation and a waste. "He gropes his way for one double hour, with dense darkness inclosing him on all sides. He gropes his way for two double hours, with dense darkness inclosing him on all sides,"²¹ and at last emerges upon the shores of the sea. But here the mistress of the waters bars the gate. Entreaties and supplications call forth a pitying attempt to dissuade him from the terrible ordeal which is in store. "O Gilgamesh, there has never been a ferry, and no one has ever crossed the ocean. . . . Except Shamash, who can cross? Impassable are the waters of death that are guarded by a bolt. How canst thou, O Gilgamesh, traverse the ocean?"²¹

* The Moon god.

Nevertheless, Arad-Ea, pilot of Pir-napishtim, embarks Gilgamesh. After forty-five days of frightful storm and tempest, they arrive at the Waters of Death, and by tremendous exertions pass over them.

Now appears before their delighted gaze the beautiful Abode of the Blessed, and upon its shore stands Pir-napishtim.

Into this abode no mortal man can penetrate. Gilgamesh is compelled to stop at speaking distance. Pir-napishtim listens composedly to the recital of his woes, and the presumptuous desire which has led him through so many dangers. As to immortality, Pir-napishtim is noncommittal; death being the common fate of all things earthly, it is best to be content. The Spirits of the Earth, the Great Gods, and the pitiless Goddess of Fate have ruled over death and life from the beginning. No one can know the decision until it is fulfilled.

Gilgamesh questions Pir-napishtim rather sharply upon the way he himself has managed to escape death, remarking that there is no apparent difference between himself, Gilgamesh, and Pir-napishtim, as far as outward appearance is concerned. How, alone of all mankind, has the fortunate man been able to reach this haven of safety?

Now Pir-napishtim is no less a personage than that remarkable man who escaped the Deluge—he and his family alone.

II

“Pir-napishtim spoke to Gilgamesh: ‘I will tell thee, Gilgamesh, the marvellous story. And the decision of the gods I will tell thee. The city Shurippak was corrupt, so

that the gods thereof decided to bring a rainstorm upon it, all of the great gods.'"²¹ But Ea, god of the deep, moved by pity for the unfortunate people, warned them of the impending catastrophe. Especially did the peril of his servant Pir-napishtim lie heavy upon his heart, and to him he sent a vision, with instructions how to save himself.

"O man of Shurippak . . . erect a structure, build a ship, abandon your goods, throw aside your possessions, and save your life."²¹

So Pir-napishtim built an ark, and into it he put all his gold and silver, his whole family and all his household servants, and living creatures of every kind upon the earth. Then he sat down to wait for the storm, as predicted to him by Ea.

The day arrived. Pir-napishtim entered his ark, and closed the door. The tempest came. The anger of the Great Gods prevailed in the earth. Nebo and Marduk led the van; Ramman thundered. Nergal raged. Ninib attacked. The Spirits of Earth lighted their torches, so that the universe seemed aflame. Earth was covered with thick darkness. The tempest beat upon mankind. "Brother does not look after brother. Men care not for one another. Even the gods are terrified. They cower like dogs at the edge of the heavens."²¹

Six days and nights the tempest raged. The gods became alarmed lest mankind perish so utterly that none be left to offer sacrifice. Six days and nights the tempest raged. On the dawn of the seventh day the storm decreased, the sea became pacified, the deluge ceased.

"Bitterly weeping," says Pir-napishtim, "I looked at the sea, for all mankind had turned to clay. Tears flowed

down my face. I looked in all directions — naught but sea.”²¹

The waters subsided. After twelve double hours an island appeared, the top of Mount Nisir, upon which the ark grounded.

Pir-napishtim now sends forth, one after the other, a dove, a swallow, and a raven. The dove and the swallow find no refuge and return to the ship. Not so the raven, who wades in the mud and returns not again.

Pir-napishtim now ventures to disembark, with all his family, animals, treasures, etc., and immediately sets about making a sacrifice. The gods, who had lost all hope of such an agreeable occurrence, receive his offerings with joy. “The gods inhaled the odor, the gods inhaled the sweet odor. The gods gathered like flies above the sacrificer.”²¹

Bel, at first enraged that even one mortal should escape punishment, becomes reconciled at length, and decrees that the fortunate man and his wife shall be venerated as gods, and dwell in the “land beyond the sea.”

Such is a portion of an ancient Chaldæan version of the Flood. It is written on the eleventh of a series of twelve clay tablets relating the adventures of the hero Gilgamesh. The first fragments of this story were found in the royal library of Assurbanipal, “King of legions, King of Assyria.”

Gilgamesh bathed in the Fountain of Life, and was cured of his malady. He then set out to search for the Plant whose leaves give everlasting youth, and found it by the side of a pool. But as his hands grasped the stem, it was torn from them by a demon.

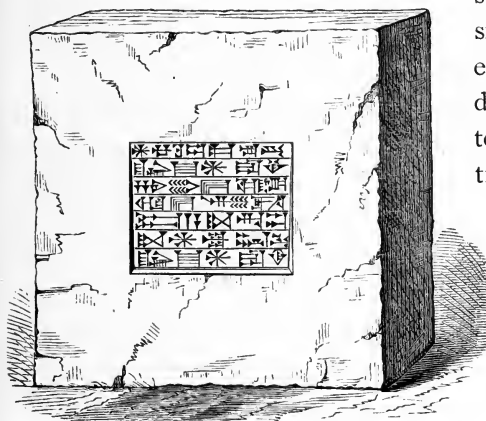
Deprived of the hope of immortality, he returned to Erech, to live and die like an ordinary mortal.

A WALK THROUGH BABYLON

I

ON a bright day in early spring, year 15 of the reign of Nebuchadrezzar, great king of Babylon, you and I, having journeyed nearly twenty-five hundred years back into the past, arrive under *Nimitti-Bel*, the great outer wall of the city.

How it towers above our heads, this immense mass of brick, over three hundred feet in height.* What an untold amount of labor to build this huge fortification, which



BRICK OF NEBUCHADREZZAR

stretches on either side farther than the eye can reach. Indeed, we have been told that one may travel forty miles and yet not make the circuit of this wall. Yet the great king doubtless hurried the work as fast as that upon *Imgur-Bel*,

the inner fortification. "In fifteen days," says Nebuchadrezzar, speaking of *Imgur-Bel*, "I finished the splendid work." No doubt it was by the toil, the suffering, and death of hundreds of patient workers.

* Herodotus.

It is easy to guess where Nebuchadrezzar's workmen obtained the clay for their bricks. Look at the huge moat over which we have just passed. As fast as they dug out the moat, they made into bricks the earth obtained from it, and hardened them in kilns. Then they began building, first bricking the sides of the moat, and afterward reared the wall itself, laying the bricks in hot bitumen, putting in a layer of reeds at every thirtieth course.

Thus Nebuchadrezzar finished the mighty wall which his father began. It has a hundred gates, with ponderous crossbeams, lintels, and doorposts, which are covered with heavy brass plates, hammered into intricate designs by the workers in metal.

We interrogate a Babylonian just coming through one of these gates. He tells us that upon the top of the wall are no less than two hundred and fifty huge towers, equal in height to the one facing us. "They are two abreast," he adds, "with a space between wide enough to turn a four-horse chariot."

And he watches with pride and satisfaction the awe and astonishment with which the fair-skinned strangers are fain to regard the stupendous pile, "mounting up to heaven."

"I can show thee still greater wonders," says the Babylonian, pointing to a huge brick structure which stands near the river bank. "Behold the great new palace of our king, that which it hath pleased him to name 'The Admiration of Mankind.' He hath made of it a great fortress, with triple walls, the outermost seven miles in circuit. The like of it was never seen. Will ye behold its wonders? Then follow me."

We pass through the brazen gate, pausing to examine the machine by which it is opened. Once inside the inner inclosure, we turn to admire the stuccoed walls ornamented with hunting scenes, and fresh with the vivid colors of the painter.

Farther on, still within the palace precincts, are the wonderful Hanging Gardens of Queen Amytis. Rumor hath it that Nebuchadrezzar's foreign queen is ever longing for her childhood's home, far away among the mountains of Media. Nebuchadrezzar would not have her mourn, — he cannot raise a mountain, but strives to please her homesick fancy with a *hill*, an immense artificial mound of earth in four terraces, supported upon lofty arches. Huge pillars, twenty feet around, hold up a mass of brickwork which is covered with earth and planted with shrubs and flowers. Water is raised from the Euphrates by hydraulic machinery.

Seated in the bower on the topmost terrace of her artificial hill, Queen Amytis can gaze down upon the plain, and fancy herself on the summit of one of her native mountains.

Nebuchadrezzar is a pious king, as befits a monarch whose forefathers have ever been mindful of the gods. *Bel-Merodach*, mightiest of the heavenly host, has his dwelling here in Babylon, the most remarkable of all the structures which the city contains. Not that his temple here is so old as the great temple of the Bel at Nippur, whose foundations were laid, as every one knows, in the subterranean depths, before the memory of man.

Bel-Merodach is the invincible one, who in the very beginning of the world conquered *Tiamat*, the dreadful

and repulsive goddess of Chaos, and the creator of monsters. Tiamat waged war against the gods, who trembled in terror before her.

Bel-Merodach alone, the son of Ea, was brave enough to go forth in battle against the monster. He launched his thunderbolts at her,—he destroyed her and all her brood, thus bestowing order and life upon the earth. Ever since, the Chaldæans, and especially the Babylonians, have worshiped him and raised temples in his honor. Here in Babylon he has a most fitting and magnificent dwelling, which Nebuchadrezzar takes pride in embellishing.

This temple is a sort of pyramid of masonry, in eight stages or towers which decrease in size as they mount upward, each tower being smaller than the one upon which it rests. A path winds up the sides, and upon the topmost tower is a little temple, the dwelling place of the god.

People say that he often comes down from his bright, heavenly abode, and rests upon the couch in this temple, and feasts from the golden table placed before it. Not far away is a shrine, with a statue of Bel, all of solid gold, upon a golden throne. There are also altars of gold, upon which the Babylonians offer daily sacrifices to the god.

II

But it is not Nebuchadrezzar's walls or palaces, magnificent and mighty as they are, or even his temples, which we have journeyed so far to see. Rather do we wish to make acquaintance with the Babylonians themselves, to walk among them, see how they live, and watch their daily

occupations. The religion also of these people will interest us; we shall observe their funeral rites and the way they bury their dead, shall step into their law offices, and visit the market places.

Having taken courteous leave of our Babylonian guide, let us wander along to the markets. These are in all respects very similar to those we visited in ancient Thebes, and in fact resemble those of any other tropical Eastern land. All goods are displayed in the open air.

The people pass along, a never-ending procession. Here comes a priest. Observe his curious flounced robe, which you will find to be always the distinguishing dress of a Babylonian priest. Over it he has thrown a goat skin. One would imagine it very uncomfortable in this hot sun, but the goat is a sacred animal in Babylonia, and the priest must wear its skin. Our priest stops to bargain and chaffer over some incense for the temple.

Yonder person just alighting from his litter is a rich Babylonian gentleman. We recognize his wealth by his apparel. That linen tunic, so fine and transparent, came all the way from India. He wears on his head a queer peaked hat of quilted cotton, which is nevertheless quite modern. In ancient times, Babylonian gentlemen wore hats of quite a different pattern, trimmed with ribbons, and some kind of horn-shaped ornament which projected front and back.

Our gentleman's outer garment is a heavy robe, gayly embroidered with figures of animals and flowers, and edged with fringe. He wears it over the left shoulder, the right arm being left uncovered to display the profusion of golden bands and bracelets with which it is loaded.

A broad girdle keeps his robe in place. His hair is elaborately curled, and he wears heavy earrings, and sandals of fine embossed leather. From his wrist hangs his seal cylinder of green jasper. No Babylonian gentleman goes abroad without his seal cylinder. On it is cut his name and a picture of some kind; usually a scene from the adventures of Gilgamesh, a hero of the past. When he wishes to sign a tablet, he has only to roll his cylinder over the moist clay.

Others than ourselves are attracted by this gentleman's rich dress, and would fain get such a customer. "Here



DOMESTIC ANIMALS, FROM AN ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF

is a mouse-colored donkey!" cries one, "a beautiful mouse-colored donkey, seven years old. Your honor can have him for fifty shekels." "Do not mind him, buy of me, buy of me!" cries another. "Here I offer thee a full-grown ox for only thirteen shekels. Only thirteen shekels for a full-grown ox!" Another thrusts forward a copper libation bowl, another a cloak, another some fine harnesses, etc., etc.

The Babylonian passes leisurely along, his servants

brushing away the dealers like so many troublesome flies. When one is more than usually obtrusive, they swing their staves and cry: "Room there! Room there! Make room for our master, the great banker Egibi."

Is it possible! The great banker Egibi! A famous name this, in Babylon. We will follow its owner as he wends his way homeward.

III

We pass through the streets, following after the litter of Egibi the banker, and enter another open market place, when our attention is attracted by loud talk and lamentations from a crowd assembled at one side. Pressing forward and peeping over the heads of the people, we see a man stretched upon a mattress, and apparently just about to die.

A few weeping friends kneel at his side, and we learn that he has been brought from his home, and laid down in the public market place, in the vain hope that some one may propose a remedy which will save his life. This custom, so strange to us, is common in Babylon, they say. When all else has failed, when doctors and sorcerers have done their best, the sick person is transported to the open square, and advice is asked from the crowd which is sure to gather.

To-day, as ever, each has a different remedy to propose, though all are agreed as to the cause of illness. A demon possesses the man, of that there is no question. "Come away, little one!" cries an old woman, drawing back her grandson. "Go not too near, lest the evil spirit leave the

man, and seize upon thee. Often have I seen it. Bel be praised that I have his image!" And she draws forth a little clay image of Bel, and hangs it carefully on the neck of her grandchild.

"Hast thou tried the wool of a young sheep?" asks a woman of the sick man's wife. "Let a sorcerer tie seven knots in it, on seven moonlight nights. Tie the strands around thy husband's neck, around his limbs, around his head. So shall his soul not leave his body."

"Try the recipe of Assurbanipal the Assyrian," cries another. "It is well known and never fails. 'Six different kinds of wood, a bit of snake skin, some wine, and a piece of ox flesh.' Make a paste, and cause the sick man to swallow it."

A man hurries up with a handful of clay, and molds a little figure which he displays as the image of the sick man. We cannot see the resemblance, but the crowd presses forward and watches his motions with eager curiosity. He calls for a cup of wine, pours part of it over the image, and after drinking the rest, mutters an incantation. All in vain, while he is yet speaking, the family of the sick man raises a chorus of wails, in which the crowd joins. The man is dead; no charms can avail him more.

The Babylonians have a most disagreeable notion of life in another world. They believe that the souls of the dead wander in a gloomy, desolate country, from which they can never escape. "There they drag out a gloomy, joyless existence. They hunger, and have nothing but dust to eat. They are cold, and are clad in a thin garment of feathers, upon which they flutter to and fro,

uttering mournful cries. They remember naught of any earthly existence." ²⁹

No wonder the Babylonian dreads to leave this world, and makes every effort to escape the horrors which await him after death.

While we have been watching the crowd, Egibi the banker must long since have reached his dwelling. But we shall have no difficulty in finding the house of so well known a citizen. Let us press forward, the noontide is long past, and we should hasten our steps.

That must be Egibi's dwelling; yes, we read the owner's name upon the gateway. He will surely allow us to examine the premises, we who have journeyed so long and so far, over seas, rivers, and mountains, from the distant land of the "barbarians." See, there he is himself, enjoying the cool of the day in his garden of palms. Tables and seats are scattered about, and Egibi is evidently about to take his evening meal. A servant waves a huge fan over his head, to keep away the insects.

Egibi's house is of brick. No stone larger than a pebble is to be found in the flat, clayey plain of Babylonia. The dwelling is several stories high, and a flight of outside steps leads to the roof, which is flat, and serves as a sleeping place on midsummer nights. Curtains of tapestry protect the windows. Inside, the walls are covered with stucco, and painted in beautiful designs. The panels are of gilded ivory, and the doors ornamented with brass plates.

In these lofty and spacious apartments, the furnishings seem scanty. A few rugs, stools, and chairs are scattered about, and in the sleeping rooms little is to be seen but mattresses, which are spread upon the floors at night, and

in the daytime rolled up and laid aside. Nobody thinks of taking off his clothes at night. Slaves sprinkle all the floors many times a day, and the evaporation of the water keeps the air cool and moist.

The courtyard is the kitchen. Here in one corner is the brick oven, here are the wine coolers, while skins of wine and water hang under the porch. Over an open fire, the evening meal is simmering.

IV

Everywhere in Egibi's house we have noticed little clay and stone images. They peep out at us from every corner. These are the household gods. We know that the Babylonians, from king to peasant, are very superstitious, not only in regard to death, but this earthly, present existence. They believe that everything which moves, as well as many things which do not move, has a spirit of its own, and that these spirits are for the most part malignant and mischievous.

One cannot see them, but they are felt. Earth, air, and water are full of them. Hence discomfort, disease, and death are only to be guarded against by constant, untiring watchfulness. As it is impossible that a mere mortal can always prevail against these goblins, the Babylonians call in their gods to aid. These images which we see are the figures of the gods; Bel, Nergal, Nebo, Ea, Sin the god of the Moon, Istar the bright evening star, and Shamash the mighty Sun god. Sometimes the Babylonians make figures of the goblins, which are so very frightful that the goblins themselves run away in fear.

The most interesting part of Egibi's dwelling we have yet to see. It is his counting rooms. Not unlike in other respects to the rest of the house, they have yet a most different furnishing. Around the walls, tier upon tier, are narrow shelves, supporting rows of earthen jars. At first sight they look like wine jars or water jars, but take a peep inside—they are filled to the brims with little cakes of clay of all sizes, from an inch square to twelve inches.

Now these jars are Egibi's "safes," and the clay tablets are the "documents" of his profession. For a hundred years the men of his family have followed the calling of bankers, money lenders, and notary publics. They have served all classes of people, from court officials down to peasants, and the business bids fair to continue for generations to come.

While we are looking into the jars, Egibi himself accompanied by two men enters the room. The men are quarreling violently.

"I can show thee the duplicate," says Egibi, calmly. He walks to the shelves, opens a jar inscribed with cuneiform characters, searches among its contents, and brings forth a yellow tablet of large size, which he passes to one of the men.

"The inscription is false!" cries the man. "It is not my father's seal mark, nor his words. I have the only true and authentic will of my father." And he shakes a tablet in the face of his companion.

"Before these witnesses," says Egibi, calmly turning to us, "I will prove to thee that it is thy words which are false." He takes a small stone hammer, and deftly cracks

the tablet which he took from the jar. After the outermost layer has been removed, behold underneath another tablet, smaller it is true, but in other ways the exact counterpart of the outer case, seal mark, writing, and all.

"Wilt thou now deny his signature?" says Egibi. Turning to the man, he takes the duplicate tablet from his hand, cracks off the envelope, and calls upon us to witness that the inner wording is exactly like the one from the jar.

We suspect that the man has tried to alter the outer inscription to his own advantage, and learn from Egibi that the Babylonians invented this double-tablet method to guard against just such frauds.

In Egibi's "jar safes" are hundreds of wills, deeds of sale, business contracts, leases, tax certificates, loans, and marriage agreements, — in short financial records of every description, all on clay, and all practically indestructible. As we look through the vista of rooms, we see tier upon tier of these earthen jars, the accumulations of the Egibi bankers through several generations.

We pass out beneath the portal of the Babylonian banker's house. The Sun god is disappearing. The great city lies before and around us. Through the river mists the huge walls loom up, a spectral rampart against the waning light. The palaces of the kings take on fantastic shapes, like some huge monsters of Chaldæa's fabulous antiquity. To our ears comes the hum of a busy, restless population. Well may Nebuchadrezzar exclaim: "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and the glory of my majesty!"

HYMN TO THE MOON GOD *

Composed in the city of Ur, in Chaldaea, before the Age of Abraham

Father, long-suffering and full of forgiveness,
 Whose hands uphold the life of all mankind !
 First-born, omnipotent, whose heart is immensity,
 There is none who may fathom it!

In heaven, who is supreme?
 Thou alone, Thou art supreme.
 On earth, who is supreme?
 Thou alone, Thou art supreme.

As for Thee, Thy will is made known in heaven,
 And the angels bow their faces.
 As for Thee, Thy will is made known upon earth,
 And the spirits below kiss the ground.

* Sayce's translation.

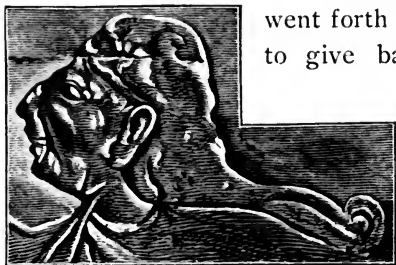
THE HITTITES

THE STORY OF A LOST NATION AND ITS QUEER HIEROGLYPHICS

I

IN the fifth year of his reign, on the ninth day of the month Epiphi, the mighty Chief, the Sun Horus, the great Lord who loves justice, the Protector of his people, the Brave-with-his-arm who shields his guards in battle, the mighty King dispensing life eternally and forever, the

Pharaoh Ra-messu, beloved of Amen, went forth from his Land of Egypt to give battle to the "miserable



THE PRINCE OF KHETA
(From an ancient bas-relief)

Prince of the hostile Kheta," and all the many peoples who were gathered unto him "numerous as the sands of the sea. They covered mountains and valleys like

grasshoppers for their number. Nothing like it had ever been before."⁶

King Ramses had with him the flower of the Egyptian army, the legion of Amen, the legion of 'Ptah, and the

legions of Phra and Sutekh. For Pharaoh was resolved to leave no means untried to destroy the vile Prince of Kheta, and all his host.

Now King Ramses crossed the frontier of Egypt, and traversing the land of Canaan, arrived with the main body of his army at Shabtuna, a little town near the city of Kadesh, where were the headquarters of the vile Kheta. Here he halted and sent out scouts to reconnoiter the country, and find out the exact position of the enemy.



TWO HITTITE SPIES BEATEN BY EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS

Soon his scouts brought into camp two spies who had allowed themselves to be captured. They were sent out by the Prince of Kheta to give false information to Pharaoh. Pretending to be envoys from certain Syrian chiefs, they declared the purpose of their masters to desert the enemy, and join forces with the Egyptians. The allied army they affirmed to be in full retreat, many miles to the north of Kadesh, fleeing from the just indignation

of the king of Egypt, the brave and bold conqueror of the nations.

Flattered and reassured, Ramses pushed forward, accompanied only by his bodyguard, and formed a new camp on one side of the city of Kadesh.

Soon more spies were caught. As they acted suspiciously, they were soundly bastinadoed, and confessed that the whole of the formidable host of the enemy was lying in ambush on the farther side of the town.

Immediately the Egyptian camp is thrown into the utmost confusion. Messengers run hither and thither. Hurry-up orders are sent to the brigade of Amen, the nearest at hand. Before it can reach Ramses, the entire allied force descends upon his camp.

Now it is that Pharaoh shows his mettle. "Then the king arose, like his father, Mentu the war god. He grasped his weapons, and put on his armor. And the noble pair of horses whose names are 'Victory-in-Thebes' and 'Mut-is-satisfied' bore him into the midst of the foe. The king rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of the Kheta, all alone, none other was with him. He looked behind and found himself surrounded by twenty-five hundred pairs of horses, and his return beset by the bravest heroes of the King of the miserable Kheta, and all the numerous peoples who were with him."⁶

Six times, with irresistible impetuosity, Ramses charges, and breaks their lines, driving the enemy before him in terror, and overturning chariots and archers into the river: "I made them fall, just as the crocodiles fall in. The snake upon my royal diadem spat fire and glowing flame in the face of my enemies. I killed them at my

pleasure. Each one who fell, he raised himself not up again. Then they cried out one to another, 'This is no man! Ah! Woe to us!'"⁶—In the midst of the turmoil, the legion of Amen arrives, and the entire host flees in disorder.

On the day following this conflict, a pitched battle was fought, in which the Egyptians claimed the victory. Just how far this is true, we cannot tell; but at any rate Ramses thought prudent to conclude a treaty of peace with his antagonist, and he no longer terms him "vile," but the "great king of the Kheta." From this we may conclude that he was forced to respect the bravery of his powerful foes.

II

For some years to come, Egyptians and Khetans were many times in conflict. Then Ramses concluded a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Kheta-sar, king of the Kheta. By this treaty the two monarchs not only agreed to help each other in war, but to deliver up such criminals as might flee from one country to the other.

This treaty is famous as the earliest specimen of an extradition treaty of which we have any record. It is a venerable document, drawn up more than three thousand years ago. The copy which Kheta-sar sent to Egypt was embossed on a tablet of silver. It was no doubt in the Kheta language, written with Kheta hieroglyphs. In the middle was a picture, and around it the inscription, "This is the image of the god Sutekh, the great ruler of Heaven, the witness of the treaty made by Kheta-sar, the

great king of the Kheta." Sutekh seems to have been the chief god of the Kheta nation.

Kheta-sar afterward visited Egypt to celebrate the marriage of his daughter to the great Ramses. She took an Egyptian name, and her beauty was celebrated by the scribes of the court.

Now who were these "Kheta" who had given the powerful Pharaoh of Egypt such a hard conflict and forced him to make an honorable peace with them? Until a few years ago they were, so to speak, a lost people, of whom we had scant information. In fact, no one had any idea that they were important enough to be called a nation. They had dropped out of history; and it is only since the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt and the cuneiform characters of Assyria have been made to give up their secrets that it has been found out that these people were powerful enough for several centuries to wage successful war with the great rulers of the Nile valley and the Euphrates. They, too, deserve an honorable place among the great nations of antiquity.

These people are mentioned in the Bible under the name of "Hittites." The Biblical Hittites were a southern branch which settled in Palestine. It was a Hittite chief from whom Abraham, the ancestor of the Hebrews, bought a tract of land and a cave in which to bury his dead.

"And Abraham stood up before his dead and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me possession of a burying place that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the chil-

dren of Heth answered Abraham, saying, Hear us, my lord; thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulcher, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." (Gen. xxiii.) Then Abraham bought the field and the cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite for four hundred shekels of silver, and buried his wife Sarah there. That must have been about four thousand years ago.

And not only did Hittites exist at this remote time, but it is believed by some that this mysterious race is the very oldest of the old nations which peopled the valley of the Euphrates in times long before we have any history of this country; that they preceded the Semites, and were the actual people who invented and practiced the earliest form of the cuneiform writing. From this valley they spread to the west and overran Asia Minor, where, in fact, are found to-day the ruins of their cities.

The Chaldaean and Assyrian inscriptions make frequent mention of the "Khatti," who are the same as the Egyptian "Kheta" and the Bible "Hittites."

The Hittites were a stubborn race, hard to conquer. Again and again powerful armies overran their country, destroying cities, carrying away prisoners, and robbing the land of its riches. But the very next campaign found them ready to fight anew. After many centuries of warfare they became exhausted. City after city was taken, until at length, in 717 B.C., Carchemish on the Euphrates, their last great stronghold, yielded to Sargon, king of Assyria. From this time the Hittites disappear; they are no longer a nation.

The land upon which are the ruins of the city of Carchemish was purchased some years ago by a British consul. The owner invested the money he received in a *cow!* Thus low has fallen the great Hittite capital, which for so many centuries successfully withstood the shock of arms of the legions of Egypt and Assyria, the two most powerful kingdoms of the ancient world.

III

The Hittites belonged to the Mongolian race. They were not a handsome people, with their yellow skins, big noses, prominent mouths, and retreating chins and foreheads. Their eyes slanted upward at the corners, and they wore the hair in a pigtail, like the modern Chinese.

The Egyptians were fond of carving battle scenes upon the walls of their temples. On the great temple of Abu Simbel is a picture of the battle of Kadesh. One section of this gigantic tableau is nineteen yards long, and eight yards deep. It has eleven hundred figures in it. Here are faithfully depicted the different peoples who were conquered, the Hittites among the rest. The Egyptians were great portrait painters, and their pictures of the Hittites are so excessively ugly that we might imagine they had overdone the matter, and tried to caricature their foes. But no—Hittite sculptors have left us portraits of their people which are even more repulsive than those of the Egyptians.

The Hittites wore a short tunic, high boots with up-turned toes, a tall cap, and mittenlike gloves. The Hittite warriors rode three in a chariot, armed with spear, bow and arrows, and double-headed battle-ax.

The writing of these people is the most interesting relic they have left behind them, perhaps because it is such a puzzle. Many attempts have been made to read it, no two results agreeing. It would certainly be interesting to read the Hittite account of the battle of Kadesh. We know that Kheta-sar had his own scribe with him on the day of the battle, we even know his name. It was Khilip-sira, whom the Egyptian scribe describes as the "writer of books of the vile Kheta." Khilip-sira's account of the battle might differ considerably from that of Pentaur, the scribe of Ramses. Then again it would be interesting to find that silver plate containing the famous treaty. Perhaps it will some day be found in Egypt.

The Hittites wrote in clumsy hieroglyphic pictures. Their manner of writing was peculiar, and unlike that of any other people. They began to write from top to bottom like the early Chaldæans, but instead of continuing a long line in this way, wrote only three or four characters vertically, and then began again.

In this way they made a horizontal line, and when it was finished, dropped to the space below, and wrote back the other way, turning all the figures in an opposite direction. This way of writing was called by the Greeks *boustrophedon*, i.e. as the ox plows, backward and forward. The Greeks themselves wrote in this fashion in the earliest times, but soon discarded it, as too laborious. The Hittite lines, like the Egyptian, commence to read at that end toward which the figures of living beings face.

It must have been an immense amount of work to carve Hittite hieroglyphs. They were not only quite intricate, but were carved in relief, that is, to stand out of the stone.

It is possible that for commerce, — letters and the like, — the Hittites possessed a shorter script, like the hieratic of Egypt. But no trace of such writing has yet been found.

Some scholars suppose that the Mongolian system of writing, one form of which was used by the Hittites, is the true ancestor of our alphabet, instead of the Egyptian hieratic. This important question is by no means settled. The supporters of the Hittite origin claim that it was these old Hittite hieroglyphs which the Phœnicians borrowed, together with their sounds. At this time, each character was used as a syllable. Then the Phœnicians formed an alphabetic letter from each syllable by dropping one or more of its sounds, exactly as did the Egyptians. The Phœnicians passed these letters on to the Greeks, from whom they have descended to us, after many centuries of use by other nations, and many changes in form.

IV

We know very little about the Hittite religion. Sutekh was their supreme god, and was probably worshiped in the same bloody and cruel manner as the other gods of western Asia. Each town had its special Sutekh. The treaty of Kheta-sar mentions ten of these Sutekhs, besides other gods and goddesses, "the gods of the earth, and of the sea, of the winds and the storm," and all the gods, male and female, of Egypt. The whole company is called upon to witness the treaty, and its vengeance is implored upon the unlucky person who shall violate it.

The Hittite religion was doubtless the same as the Chaldæan. Angry spirits peopled the ghost world, and

the people's religion consisted in trying to appease their wrath, and in praise and supplication to the good spirits to protect them against the evil ones. "The fire was a creeping snake. The earth was a mighty animal. The sun, moon, and stars were great birds soaring in heaven, or beings who trod the crystal floor of the firmament, drove their chariots along appointed roads, climbed the eastern steps, and descended to rest in the ocean."

"Every river and spring, every mountain, every forest, each great tree or standing stone was the abode of a spirit,"⁸ whom it was worth one's while to keep in good humor. As far as their religion was concerned, the Hittites were in no way better than savages. Yet in many things they had crept above the savage level, and attained quite a high degree of civilization.

In the year 1872, Dr. Wright, an American missionary, succeeded in securing for the Museum of Constantinople four large slabs of stone covered with Hittite hieroglyphs. The stones were in a town now called Hamath. Two of these ancient slabs had been built into the walls of houses. A third one was supposed by the people of Hamath to possess the magic power of healing diseases. For years, rheumatic people had come from far and near to lie down upon it, believing that the stone would absorb their pain.

Dr. Wright obtained permission from the Turkish government to remove these stones, that the valuable inscriptions might be studied before they were entirely worn away. But this did not by any means suit the people of Hamath, who were very unwilling to give up their venerated stones. A guard had to be set over them, and

when the work of removal began the whole town was in an uproar.

At length the work was finished. One stone was so large that it took fifty men and four oxen a whole day to drag it a mile. The dirt of ages was cleaned out of the hieroglyphics, casts were made of them, and the stones themselves were sent to Constantinople, where they form one of the most valuable of the Oriental curiosities in the Museum. Dr. Wright announced that he had secured some of the writing of the Hittites. It was some years, however, before scholars would believe that these queer hieroglyphics were actually the work of this ancient and almost unknown people.

THE PHŒNICIANS



A NATION OF TRADERS

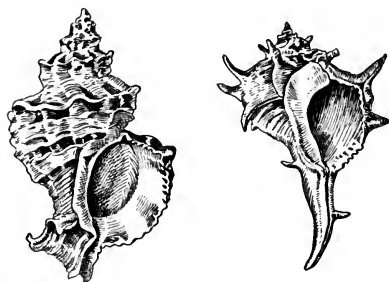
I

IT is related by an ancient writer, that long before the dawn of history a terrible earthquake shook the country round about the Dead Sea. Thereupon the people gathered together their belongings, and the whole multitude — men, women, and children — betook themselves upon the march westward, fleeing in terror from a land where such a horrible death threatened them. On they journeyed, nor stopped till they reached the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, where they founded the coast towns of Canaan.

Another tradition, more likely to be true, places the first home of the Canaanites upon a group of islands in the Persian Gulf, near the coast of Arabia. For some unknown reason they migrated to the west, traveling from the “Great Sea of the Rising Sun” to the “Sea of the Setting Sun.” Here was an expanse of waters reminding them of the far-off home whence they came. Being fishermen by birth and inheritance, they settled down contentedly. One little fishing-village after another grew up, and in course of time became thriving towns.

These people had only a narrow strip of land, running along the coast. Their territory was scarcely two hundred miles long, and nowhere more than thirty-five miles wide. On the east they were shut in by rocky, towering mountains, almost impassable except by dint of painful, laborious climbing. Here and there a lofty spur cut through the strip of country down to the very water's edge, making it difficult to pass from one town to another. It was much easier to sail along the coast. Thus the very nature of their country forced these people to be sailors. They took to the sea, and it became in fact as much a home to them as the land.

Now one day somebody (nobody knows who) made a very wonderful discovery, valuable to the whole nation, because



MUSSELS FROM WHICH THE TYRIAN PURPLE
WAS DERIVED

it was destined to contribute greatly to its wealth and prosperity. It was in this wise.

Among other fish, the sailors were accustomed to gather in a sort of mussel which lived in great numbers in the waters along the coast. Inside the

shell of this animal, near the head, is a tiny sac, containing one drop of a creamy liquid. How the people found out that a beautiful coloring matter could be formed from this liquid we do not know, but in their hands it became the celebrated *Tyrian purple*, esteemed and coveted by the people of all the countries of the ancient world.

To make this dye required a deal of labor and perseverance. We can form some idea of the enormous amount of mussels which the fishermen were obliged to gather in, when we learn that it took three hundred pounds of the liquid to dye fifty pounds of wool.

When the supply became exhausted along their own coast, the fishermen were compelled to venture farther and farther out into the open sea, even to the neighboring shores. In this way they became good sailors. It required no little courage in those ancient days to venture far out of sight of land.

This nation of sailor fishermen called their strip of country *Kena-an* (Canaan), and themselves Canaanites. But they were not so termed by other nations. The Egyptians called the land *Kaft*, and the two peoples traded back and forth in very early times. The people of Kaft are usually pictured on the Egyptian monuments with red skins and black hair and eyes. But the coast people of Canaan are best known to us by another name, which the early Greeks gave them.

In days long before the time of Homer, the most ancient of Greek poets, the wild, semicivilized tribes which dwelt upon the islands and shores of Greece had put forth from their rocky coasts, and steered their little barks eastward, across the blue Mediterranean. Fair winds brought them, after much wandering, within sight of the white cliffs, rocky mountains, and steep wooded slopes of Canaan. What most aroused the astonishment of the Greeks was the waving, feathery foliage of the trees which grew abundantly along the shore. From these trees, the prehistoric Greeks named the country *Phoenike*

(Phœnicia), the “Palm-tree Land,” and by this name it was called for many centuries.

II

The Canaanites (or Phœnicians) became in time not only navigators, but great manufacturers and traders.



AN ANCIENT PHŒNICIAN, AS
PICTURED BY THE EGYPTIANS

They were not an inventive people, but were keen enough to borrow ideas and inventions from other nations, and improve upon them. They dearly loved riches, and established great trading or caravan routes in all directions,—through the mountains, and on to their distant kindred in Babylonia and Arabia; to the north they traded with the barbarous tribes of western Asia; their merchants traveled south, skirting the coast, through the land of the Philistines, and so on to Egypt.

But the sea was ever their favorite thoroughfare. They cruised all about the Mediterranean, and pushed even through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. To all these places, and especially to the islands and shores of Greece and Italy, they carried their goods,—fine articles in gold, silver, copper, and bronze, beautiful embroidered stuffs,

and rare glassware in vases, beads, amulets, and necklaces. No place was too barbarous or too distant for their love of gain. They even went beyond the Mediterranean Sea, sailing through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Atlantic Ocean.

Bold mariners though they were, it required no little courage in those far-off days to pass beyond the Strait. For the western coast of the Mediterranean was regarded as the outside edge of the earth, the "jumping-off place." Two immense rocks, which the Phœnicians called the "Pillars of Melkarth," after their principal god, guarded the outlet to the vast expanse of waters which encircled the earth. The ocean was supposed to be filled with horrible monsters, ever in wait for the unhappy mortals who might drift into its dreary realm. Beyond, the sun plunged each night with a hissing sound beneath the waves.

Phœnician mariners were the first Mediterranean people, so far as we know, who braved all these terrors, and passed the dreaded straits. Once beyond its waters, finding that no special misfortune befell them, they coasted along the shore of Spain, searching for the precious mussel, and gathering in rich store of booty from the savage tribes, in exchange for their own wares. They were not slow to take advantage, we may be certain, and no doubt often carried away their customers to sell for slaves.

It is supposed that the Phœnicians sailed even to the shores of Great Britain, searching for tin, which they needed in their manufacture of bronze articles. Now bronze, in those days, took much the same place as iron does now. Out of it were made most necessary articles, such as tools and household utensils, swords, daggers,

lance points and arrowheads, when the latter were not made of stone. So tin must be had, no matter at what cost of trouble or danger. It is a rather scarce commodity, and the Phœnicians were probably the merchants who controlled the tin trade of the ancient world. That they were willing and able to go so far in search of it speaks highly for their courage and perseverance.

It is related that some Phœnician mariners of later times actually sailed around Africa. This daring feat was accomplished under the patronage of Nekau (or Necho as the Greeks called him), a Pharaoh who reigned about twenty-five hundred years ago. The start was made from a port in the Red Sea, and the trip lasted three years. As they could provision their ships for a short voyage only, they landed each autumn, plowed, planted their grain, and waited till spring for it to ripen.

When they came back safely, past the Pillars, and through the Mediterranean to Egypt, Pharaoh was astonished to hear that, during a part of the voyage, the sun had been upon the right hand. Such a tale was, however, too preposterous. Nobody believed it, they were accounted liars, for the people of those ancient times were not able to imagine a thing which is so simple to us, and so easily accounted for. We must remember that the mariner's compass was an unknown thing. So much the more credit do these ancient mariners deserve for their daring and intrepidity.

III

Phœnicia became a very wealthy country. The powerful nations around looked with envy upon her riches.

When they demanded tribute, the Phœnician cities could afford to pay it. Of what use was it to fight, or contend with their neighbors, when they could buy their good will? Thus many times they escaped the devastation which Egypt and Assyria dealt out upon the countries which their armies overran.

But a time came when the burden of tribute became too heavy to bear, and when the cities of Phœnicia took sides with one or the other of the great empires, so continually eager to destroy each other. Phœnician cities were ravaged and made dependent, now upon one, then upon the other. Later the Persians took a hand in despoiling them, and still later, Alexander, the great Macedonian king of Greece, conquered Phœnicia, along with the rest of the world. After his time, the glory of the Phœnician cities departed, her strongholds were razed, and in the time of the Roman Empire, Phœnicia was no longer an influential factor either for good or evil, in the politics of the ancient world.

The Phœnicians, in the long centuries of their prosperity, had the most intimate relations in the way of trade with all the nations around. Their nearest neighbors to the south-east were the Hebrews. The Hebrew people were likewise emigrants from another country. When they crossed the Jordan, into what was later called Palestine, the Bible tells us that "the Canaanite was then in the land." These Canaanites, kinsfolk of the Phœnicians, were never entirely driven out by the Hebrews. The Phœnicians on the coast, especially the great cities of Tyre and Sidon, had peaceful commerce with the Hebrews. It was from Hiram, king of Tyre, that Solomon obtained his workmen

and supplies to build his great temple at Jerusalem. No other country could or would furnish what Phœnicia was able to.

The Hebrew writers relate in glowing words the glories and the wealth of Tyre and Sidon. "Tyrus did build herself a stronghold," says the prophet Zechariah, "and heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets." Then he goes on to predict her final destruction, because of her wicked idolatrous religion.

Says another Hebrew prophet: "O thou that dwellest at the entry of the sea, who art the merchant of the peoples unto many isles, . . . thou, O Tyre, hast said, I am of perfect beauty. . . . Thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made thy ships of the trees of Senir; they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee; of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; thy benches are of ivory from the isle of Kit-tim [*i.e.* Cyprus]. Fine linen with brodered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth for thy sail, thou wast covered with blue and purple."

"Tarshish [Spain] was thy merchant . . . with silver and iron, with tin and lead they traded with thee. . . . Syria occupied thy fairs with emeralds, purple and brodered work, and fine linen, with coral and agate. Judah, and the Land of Israel, they brought to thee wheat, and honey, and oil, and balm. . . . Thou wast made very glorious in the midst of the seas, . . ." and so on. This account mentions over twenty-five different cities and countries from which Phœnicia drew stores of wealth.

And yet we should know nothing of its prosperity from the records of Phœnicia itself, for it left none. We have

to rely upon what other nations tell us. So far as has yet been discovered, the Phœnicians left little or no literature. They *could* not — they were too busy getting rich to become learned. We have found a number of short inscriptions upon coins and vases, and a very few coffin inscriptions.

An ancient king of Sidon, Esmunazar by name, caused twenty-two lines of writing to be carved upon his sarcophagus. Like most coffin inscriptions, it is an appeal to whoever opens the tomb to leave the occupant in peace. He says: "I am cut off in my prime. Few have been my days. I am lying in this coffin, in this tomb, the place which I have built. Oh, then, remember this! May no man open my funeral couch. May they not seek for treasures, for no treasure is hidden here; may they not move my coffin, nor molest me in this my funeral bed." This sarcophagus was found in 1855, in the cemetery of ancient Sidon.

Another large sepulcher has been found near Beyrût. In one chamber, underneath three courses of great stones, an immense slab was found, covering the entrance to a vault. Underneath was a splendid black stone sarcophagus. This also belonged to no less a personage than a king of Sidon. He says: "I adjure every man when thou shalt come upon this sepulcher, open not my chamber and disturb me not. There is not with me aught of silver, there is not with me aught of gold, there is not with me anything whatever of spoil. Only I myself lie in this sepulcher. Open not my chamber and disturb me not." It never seems to have occurred to these ancient individuals that warnings and threats would come rather late to one who had already opened the tomb.

IV

The Phœnicians spoke a Semitic language which was something like those of Babylonia, Assyria, and Arabia. They have been credited with the invention of the alphabet, the same which has descended to us. Whether they really did invent an alphabet is very doubtful. They were not an inventive people, and it is more likely that they borrowed some one of the systems of phonetic writing used by the people around them, shortened it for purposes of trade, and in their many wanderings passed it on to other peoples.

But whether our alphabet has descended from the Egyptian hieratic, the Babylonian cuneiform, the ancient script of Arabia, the clumsy Hittite pictures, or from a still more ancient writing, which was the parent of all these, and of which we have yet found no trace — certain it is, that the Phœnicians, by working one of these over and distributing it, performed one of the most wonderful and important services to the world which we can well imagine. Wherever Phœnician ships cruised, wherever they left colonies to grow up in barbarous lands, there the people gradually learned to be civilized, and above all began to read and write, without which attainment no people can ever hope to be great or powerful.

It would have been better for the world of their time if the Phœnicians had carried to other lands nothing more than the beneficent arts of civilization and the great boon of writing. Unfortunately, they carried their gods as well. And the Phœnician gods were repulsive in the extreme, and their religion a cruel one. Their principal gods were *Melkarth* (or Moloch, as the Bible calls him) and the god-

dess *Ashtoreth*. Both were worshiped with very cruel rites, men, women, and children being often put to death upon their altars.

We can read in the Bible of the horror with which the Hebrew prophets denounced these terrible sacrifices. In Carthage, the largest and most powerful of the Phœnician colonies, these cruelties were not abolished till about the time of Christ. Harsh as the Romans were, they turned in horror from the scenes which they witnessed at the altars of Moloch.

Phœnicia was never a great military power. It could not be, its territory was too small. Hence it is generally classed in the second rank. Other nations were, however, very glad to hire Phœnician soldiers, and, above all, to make use of Phœnician ships.

Phœnician conquests were always of a peaceful character. They founded a great many colonies. When their own cities were attacked, they defended them with the utmost bravery, showing how well they could fight when occasion demanded. And in all which helps along the well-being of the world, which makes life easier and more prosperous—in the arts of civilization—Phœnicia takes the very first rank. For a thousand years, and probably longer, this nation was a power among the peoples of antiquity.

THE HEBREWS



THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

I

SOME twenty-two hundred years (more or less) before Jesus Christ was born, a band of emigrants set out from Ur, a city of ancient Chaldæa. Their leaders were named Terah, Abram, and Lot. Terah was the ninth in direct descent from Noah, that "just and perfect man" who had escaped the Flood. And according to the list given in Genesis, nine generations also separated Noah from his ancestor Adam; who was the first man.

Now, in the days of Noah, "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, . . . and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart; and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth . . . for it repenteth me that I have made them." But Noah, being just and perfect in his generation, "found grace in the eyes of the Lord," for he "walked with God."

Then God commanded Noah to make an ark large enough to hold his family, together with a multitude of "every living thing of all flesh." "And Noah did according to all that the Lord commanded him."

And it came to pass that when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened," then the rain fell forty days and forty nights, and "all in whose nostrils was the breath of life," and "of all that was in the dry land died." Noah alone "remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

"And the flood was forty days upon the earth, . . . and the waters prevailed and increased greatly, and the ark went upon the face of the waters." But after a hundred and fifty days "the fountains of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the waters were abated." Then the ark rested on Mount Ararat.

Noah opened his window and sent forth a raven. The raven wandered to and fro, seeking the dry land. He sent forth a dove, but the dove found "no rest for the sole of her foot." The third time, the dove flew away, and "returned not unto him any more." Then Noah knew "that the waters were abated from off the earth." He removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and "behold, the face of the ground was dry."

He went forth from the ark, he and all the multitude that was with him. In gratitude he "builded an altar unto the Lord, . . . and offered burnt offerings upon the altar."

"And the Lord smelled a sweet savor; and the Lord said in his heart; I will not again curse the ground any more, for man's sake. . . . While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Now the descendants of Noah waxed numerous, so that the earth was filled with them. They were "of one

language and one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there."

And they held wicked counsel with one another, aspiring to be as gods. They began to build a city, and a tower whose top should reach to heaven itself. But the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded. And the Lord confounded their language, that they might not understand each other's speech. So were their evil designs frustrated and brought to naught. The Lord "scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth," and thus their descendants live, even unto the present day.

Now "Ur of the Chaldees," in the "plain of Shinar," was Terah's native city. The Bible does not tell us why the emigrants left it, only that they were going into the land of Canaan. They journeyed to Haran, whose people, like those of Ur, worshiped the Moon god. Here they dwelt for a while, and here Terah died. He was two hundred and five years old.

After Terah's death, the Lord appeared in a vision to Abram, and commanded him to take up his wanderings again. God promised that his name should become famous, and his descendants multiply into a great nation. Both promises have been fulfilled.

II

Abram was five and seventy years old, but he did not hesitate to start forth, and took with him his wife Sarai, his nephew Lot, and "the souls that they had gotten in

Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came."

Now this "land of Canaan," promised to Abram and his descendants, played a most important part in the history of ancient nations. It was their meeting place, midway between the great East and the great West,—the field where the nations came together in conflict, and where they fought their fiercest battles, sometimes one, sometimes another, gaining the victory. It was a land ever coveted and desired.

From time immemorial, even before Abram's day, emigrants had traversed its mountains and valleys. Some stopped by the way; others, such as we have seen the Phœnicians to be, pursued their course till stopped by the Great Sea of the Setting Sun, whose waves washed the shores of three great continents.

Thus a pellmell of tribes possessed the land, in remote antiquity. Already, long before Abram started forth from Ur, the Phœnicians were building their ships, and coasting along the Mediterranean. In the north, scattered bands of the great tribe of the Hittites had begun to come down from their mountains, some even venturing to the far south, beyond Jerusalem, the "City of Peace." Another powerful tribe, the Amorites, settled some of the valleys, and built strongholds on the tops of hills, inclosing them within gigantic walls. The Egyptians sculptured their Amorite captives on their monuments, and painted their eyes blue, and their skins white. Thus we know that they were a different race from the black-haired and dark-skinned people of the Euphrates.

The Bible mentions other Canaanite tribes. They warred

incessantly, fighting for the possession of the fertile valleys, and the steep, fortress-crowned hills, but most of all for the wells, so valuable in a land where flocks and herds were kept in abundance.

Abram seems to have journeyed peacefully through the land. He pitched his tent in many places, building altars, and "calling upon the name of the Lord." It was in the south that he finally settled down and remained till a famine drove him into Egypt. When he came forth from this land, we are told that he was "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." Lot also had great possessions, and their herdsmen soon quarreled, probably over the wells.

So the kinsmen separated. Said Abram: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. . . . Is not the whole land before thee? . . . If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." So Lot journeyed east, and Abram removed his tents to Hebron, near Jerusalem, where he again set up an altar to his God.

But Lot was not to remain in peace. He had settled among turbulent people. Long before his time, the great sovereigns from the Euphrates had overrun the western land, subduing the people, and forcing them to pay a yearly tribute, as the price of being left in peace. For twelve years, five little kings of the Jordan valley had paid tribute to *Kudur-Lagamar*, the king of Elam. The burden became heavy, and in the thirteenth year they rebelled.

Now *Kudur-Lagamar*—or, as the Bible calls him, *Chedorlaomer*—was a year getting together a mighty host, with which to overrun Canaan anew, and punish the rebels. He called upon *Khammurabi*, or *Amraphel*, king

of Babylon, who owed him homage, *Eri-aku*, or *Arioch*, of Larsa, and *Tidal*, ruler of half-barbarous tribes which were subject to Elam. This great company marched to the Jordan, ravaging all the country, and in a pitched battle defeated the five kings and departed, carrying away great spoil and many prisoners, among them Lot, with all his people and possessions.

III

Now Abram was greatly incensed at the capture of his brother's son. It seemed a forlorn hope to attack such a powerful host, but he armed his people, called together the chiefs around, and pursued the enemy. He "smote them by night, and brought back Lot, and all his goods and people."

At his triumphal march back through the valley, all the chiefs came out to rejoice with him, and Melchizedek, king of (Uru) Salem (Jerusalem) brought forth bread and wine, and blessed Abram in the name of the most high God. This is the first mention of Jerusalem in the Bible.

Shortly after this, Abram's name was changed. God renewed his promises to him, and called him *Abraham*, for saith the Lord, "a father of many nations have I made thee."

Abraham died in a good old age. A venerable man, full of years, he was "gathered to his people." Then his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, laid him to rest by the side of Sarah, in the cave of Machpelah, the sepulcher which he had bought years before from Ephron the Hittite for four hundred shekels of silver.

God kept his promises to Abraham. His descendants multiplied greatly. In the third generation a part of them migrated to Egypt, where Pharaoh allowed them to keep their flocks in the land of Goshen in the northeast corner of the Delta. There they dwelt peacefully for many years, always keeping their nationality. They never forsook the God of their great ancestor. They were simple herdsmen, living like the Bedouin Arabs of to-day. The women spun, wove, fashioned garments, baked the bread, and cared for the children; the men tended the flocks and drove them from pasture to pasture. They increased greatly in numbers, being unmolested by the Egyptians.

But all this peace and prosperity could not last. The land of Canaan had long since passed away from the rule of the Babylonian kings, and its chiefs now paid tribute to Pharaoh, who was often obliged to march his armies over the borders of Egypt to punish his rebellious vassals.

Now Pharaoh became afraid of the Goshen shepherds. "Behold," said he unto his counselors, "the children of Israel are more and mightier than we. . . . Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, . . . and when there falleth out any war, they join unto our enemies."

So he set them to building cities, hoping that the severe and unaccustomed tasks would kill them off. He "made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field."

For many years the people toiled under the taskmasters. The Bible relates that they built for Pharaoh the treasure cities Pithom and Ramses. A few years ago the ruins of one of these cities were found, and the skeletons of the immense structures which the unfortunate children of Israel

were forced to rear under the broiling sun and amid the sand heaps of Egypt.

It was not to be expected that a people born in freedom would always bear such oppression. A time came when it was no longer supportable. The king of Egypt (who is supposed by some to be Ramses II.) became angry and alarmed when he found that with all the severe burdens he was not able to kill off these people. So he sent out the order that every son born in a Hebrew family should be killed at birth.

We may be sure that many escaped, and among them Hebrew tradition tells of an infant whom its mother concealed for three months. She then placed it in a basket and confided it to the river Nile rather than see it fall into the hands of Pharaoh's executioners. This infant was found by no less a personage than the daughter of Pharaoh, who adopted him and called his name Moses. He was destined to be a great leader of his people.

IV

In course of time Ramses the Oppresser died. The Pharaoh "flew up to heaven." (You will remember that the Egyptians imagined the soul of a man to be like a bird.) The son of Ramses, *Meneptah*, or as some read it, *Mer-en-ptah*, "Beloved of the god Ptah," assumed the double crown of the "White and the Red Land."

Moses had meanwhile grown up to be a man. He had been obliged to flee from Egypt. After he had been some years in exile, the Lord spoke to him one day from out a burning bush, and commanded him to return to

Egypt, for he should be the man to lead his people forth from captivity.

So Moses met his brother Aaron in the desert, and the two sought audience of Pharaoh. Following the commands of the Lord, they requested permission for the Hebrews to go forth into the desert to make sacrifice unto their God.

Pharaoh no doubt suspected their purpose to escape. He had no wish to lose his bondsmen, and replied arrogantly: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice, to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."

Then he accused Moses and Aaron of stirring up their people, and bade his taskmasters lay still heavier burdens upon the unfortunate Hebrew slaves, so that they had "anguish of spirit and cruel bondage."

Again and again did Moses and Aaron demand Israel's freedom. The Lord sent plague after plague upon the land. Pharaoh wavered, promising to let the people depart, but revoking his promise as soon as the Lord removed the plague.

At length came a blow which softened even his hard heart. A great cry of distress went up through all the land, for the Lord smote the first-born of Egypt, "and there was not a house where there was not one dead." The king dared not refuse his people, who demanded that the hated Hebrew slaves should be expelled.

And Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said: "Rise up . . . and get you forth from among my people. Take your flocks and herds, and be gone." The Egyptians were fain to help drive them out, for they said, "lest we all be dead men."

So they departed in hot haste, Moses and Aaron and all the throng, being six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, of the Israelites, and a multitude of stragglers. They took with them flocks and herds, and much merchandise spoiled from the Egyptians.

The Red Sea lay in their path, but the Lord sent a strong wind which blew aside the waters, and the Israelites passed through in safety. Not so a battalion of troops, which Pharaoh, repenting of his consent, had sent after his fleeing slaves. They were swallowed up to a man.

Then Moses and the children of Israel sang a song of triumph and thanksgiving unto God : —

“The Lord is my strength and song,
And he has become my salvation !
He is my God, and I will praise Him !
My fathers’ God, and I will exalt Him !
The Lord is a man of war,
Yahveh is his name.
Pharaoh’s hosts hath he cast into the sea !
And his captains are drowned !
Thy right hand, O God, is become glorious in power !
Thy right hand, O God, hath dashed in pieces the enemy !
Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand —
The earth swallowed them !

* * * * *

The Lord shall reign
Forever and ever.”

We are told that the descendants of Abraham had been four hundred and thirty years in Egypt when Moses led them forth.

The emigrants passed into the wilderness, where they wandered forty years. It was there that they were miraculously fed when privation led them to murmur for the "flesh-pots of Egypt." And it was there that the immense throng stood, at the foot of a mountain, in the midst of thick clouds and thunder and lightnings and quakings of the earth, to receive from their God the *Ten Commandments*, which were henceforth to be their LAW. "Thou shalt have no other God before Me," said the Lord. This was a new thing. No other nation of that day but had its gods, and its goddesses, in abundance. Some had a "perfect swarm of gods," — gods of the air,

of the winds, of storm, of rivers and sea, the heavens, the stars, and gods who ruled over every daily occurrence of a man's life. The children of Israel were to begin a new order of things.

These *Ibrim*, or "People from beyond the River," as the Israelites were called, are known in history as Hebrews. They regarded themselves as the especial favorites of God, a "chosen people," and kept their worship of Yahveh for the most part in-



A HIGH PRIEST

tact, in spite of occasional pagan practices. The belief in a one true and only God grew stronger from century to century, and has endured even to the present day. We owe our religion, in its beginnings, to these Hebrew slaves, whom Moses led out of Egypt more than thirty centuries ago.

V

It would take far too long to tell of all the fortunes, good and bad, of the Hebrews. Their scribes have written it down in the Old Testament. The people drew nearer and nearer to Canaan, the "Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey." Trials and sufferings in the desert had bound them together, and the motley tribes had become a nation.

At length, after weary years of waiting, Moses was permitted to look from the top of a mountain in the land of Moab, over the Jordan river, into Canaan. But God did not permit him to lead his people across, though he prayed for the privilege. "So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. . . . But no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angel of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

"Noiselessly as the springtime
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves, —
 So, without sound of music
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain crown
 The great procession swept.

* * * * *

"O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
 O dark Bethpeor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace, —
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him He loved so well."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

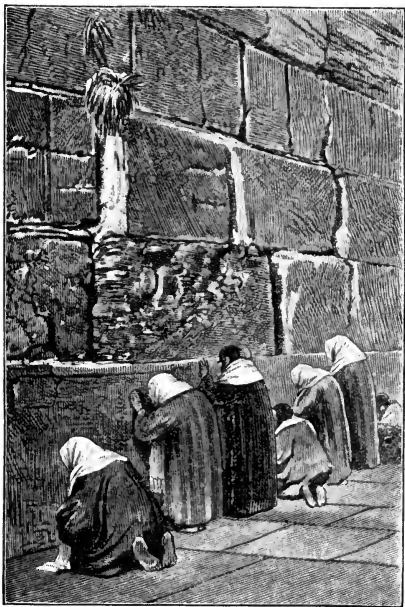
The mantle of Moses fell on the shoulders of Joshua, son of Nun, who became leader. Under his generalship, the Hebrews passed the Jordan, and little by little conquered homes in the Promised Land.

The Canaanites had become quite civilized since the time when Abraham had set up his tent at Hebron. They were proficient in arts and agriculture, and possessed more culture than the Hebrews, who were still shepherds. The Israelites had much to learn. They adopted the language of Canaan, which was what we now call Hebrew.

In course of time several small kingdoms were formed. Two of the kings of Judah and Israel, in the south, have become famous in history,—David and Solomon. The Bible represents them as powerful and learned princes.

Solomon built a great temple at Jerusalem, and Bible writers are never tired of extolling its beauties.

After some centuries, the northern kingdom passed away. Samaria was besieged by Sargon, king of Assyria, and the people carried into another land, as was the custom of Assyrian monarchs. Judah lasted a hundred years longer. Then it, too, had to yield. Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, destroyed it. Most of the population was transported to the banks of the Euphrates. They never ceased to sigh for their native land. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down. Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof."

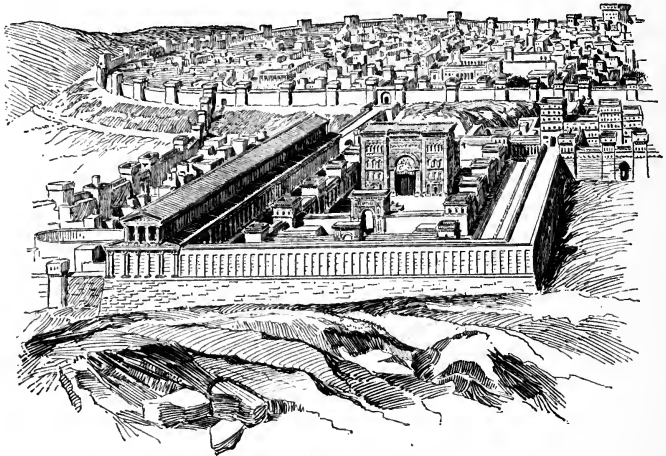


WALL OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

"For they that carried us away captive
 Required of us a song ;
 And they that wasted us
 Required of us mirth,
 Saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
 How shall we sing the Lord's song
 In a strange land ?"

For forty-eight years they languished, then Cyrus, king of Persia, who had become master of Babylon, set them free, and they took up their wearisome march back to the Jordan valley.

The Hebrews after this time possessed Canaan until the reign of Vespasian, emperor of Rome. Under Titus, one



THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

of his generals, Jerusalem was leveled with the ground, and the Jewish empire came to an end.

The Jews are now scattered over the whole earth—a nation without a country. Having rejected Jesus Christ, they are still looking for the Messiah, who shall reestablish their kingdom in all its former glory.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

BELSHAZZAR, the king of Babylon, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar (Nebuchadrezzar) had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God, which was at Jerusalem, and the king and his princes drank in them.

They drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldæans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon: "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men, but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof.

Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen came to the banquet house; and the queen spake and said: "O king, live forever; let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed.

"There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers. . . . Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel: "Art thou that Daniel, who art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry?"

"I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee.

"And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing. . . . If thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king: "O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty and glory and honor; all people, nations, and languages feared and trembled before him; whom he would he slew, and whom he would he

kept alive; whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down.

“But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, they took his glory from him.

“And he was driven from the sons of men; his dwelling was with the wild beasts; they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men.

“And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this.

“But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven, and have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords have drunk wine in them; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

“Then was the part of the hand sent from him, and this writing was written.

“And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

“This is the interpretation: MENE, — God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

“TEKEL, — Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

“PERES, — Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.”

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldæans, slain.

And Darius, the Median, took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES

The Lord is my shepherd —
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures —

He leadeth me beside the still waters —

He restoreth my soul,

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
For His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death —

I will fear no evil,

For Thou art with me,

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me

In the presence of mine enemies.

Thou anointest my head with oil,

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

All the days of my life,

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



A SCRIBE READING

Make a joyful noise unto God,

All ye lands !

Sing forth the honor of His Name !

Make His praise glorious !

Say unto God —

How terrible art Thou in Thy works.

* * * * *

All the earth shall worship Thee —
 And shall sing unto Thee !
 Come and see the works of God,
 He is terrible in His doing
 Toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land.
 They went through the flood on foot.
 Then did we rejoice in Him.

O bless the Lord, ye people !
 And make the voice of His praise to be heard.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, SON OF DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread; and if he be thirsty give him water to drink.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.

THE MEDES AND PERSIANS

THE DOWNFALL OF ASSYRIA AND BABYLON

I

NATIONS, like individuals, grow old. After centuries of progress, they become exhausted and decrepit,—worn out, so to speak. Then comes the time for them to die, and give place to newer, fresher, more vigorous civilizations. The younger nations are their heirs, finding wealth and culture ready to hand, which are theirs for the taking. And many a difficult problem is already worked out, for others have toiled that they may enjoy.

So it was with the venerable civilizations of Asia and Africa, during the seventh and the sixth centuries before Christ. Their race was nearly run, and they were ready to fall. At the end of the seventh century, the great Assyrian monarchy was already dead. It had lost, one after another, all the vassal states which its bloodthirsty wars had brought under its heavy yoke; and now a final blow ended the life of the kingdom when Nineveh, the proud, magnificent capital city, was taken and burned by its old enemy Babylon, assisted by a new power, which

for some centuries had been growing up beyond the mountains, to the east of Assyria.

Great must have been the rejoicing throughout the whole ancient Eastern world when Assyria, the cruel and despotic, was no more. The countries she had so oppressed lifted their heads, and took in a new breath of life. The Hebrew prophets glory in its fall. "And it came to pass," says one of them, "that the word of Yahveh came unto me, saying: . . . Behold, Asshur was like a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, of an high stature, and his top was among the boughs. . . . I have driven him out for his wickedness. And strangers, the terrible of nations, have cut him off, and have left him. Upon the mountains, and in all the valleys his branches are fallen; and all the people of the earth are gone down from his shadow. . . . Nineveh is laid waste, who shall bemoan her?"

A new people had appeared upon the scene, to help Assyria to its downfall. They are known in history as the "Medes." Of a totally different stock from any we have hitherto considered in this book, they spoke a language unlike the languages of the Euphrates and Tigris, the land of Canaan, or the Nile valley. That is, they were neither Mongolians, Africans, nor Semites.

The Medes are called an "Aryan" people. Their language, even at this early date, had changed much from its original form. It is the prehistoric Aryan language from which have descended several languages of Asia, as well as the most of the European languages, including our own English. So the starting point of the Aryan language, as well as the original home of

the Aryan people, must always be a matter of great interest to us.

This point has never yet been settled. Some would place the home of the first Aryans in central Asia, whence they are supposed to have spread by successive migrations, one great wave after another, to the south and west, some stopping in the plateau to the south and east of the Caspian Sea, where they roamed for many years, being shepherds. A part of these nomad people wandered on, even as far as the peninsula of India, where they settled down, speaking a form of the Aryan tongue, now called "Sanskrit." Still a third wave of the Aryans poured into Europe and overspread the whole of that continent, becoming the ancestors of the various nations which now inhabit it.

So much for the Asiatic theory. Others claim that Europe itself was the first home of these people, a part of whom moved eastward into Asia, where their descendants were known as Medes and Persians, Armenians, the Sanskrit speakers of India, and some other early tribes of less importance. This latter opinion seems to be quite generally accepted now.

The Aryans were a sturdy, fair-skinned, energetic race, ready to defend themselves and conquer the rest of the world. Ever since they made a start they have kept it up along this line. It is this white race which to-day is little by little acquiring the territory of the black and yellow races.

The Aryans who halted upon the table-land of central Asia are the people who will most interest us at present, because it was to this branch that the Medes and Persians

belonged. At first a roving people, restless like all nomads, they moved about to find pasturage for their flocks. When we first hear of them in history, they had ceased to be shepherds, and were building cities, the Medes in the region east of Assyria, and the Persians in a tract along the Persian Gulf, southeast of ancient Elam.

Now Nineveh, at the time of its greatest glory and prosperity, was a very magnificent city, for the Assyrian monarchs had for centuries enriched it with spoils from many foreign lands. It was also strongly fortified, so that when the Medes and Babylonians came to attack it, they found no easy task before them.

We are told that it withstood the siege during two whole years. Then the end came. Saracus, its last king, set fire to the palace, and perished with his city. The invaders burned Nineveh to the ground. Then they divided up the empire, Media taking the northern, and Babylonia the southern territory. That was the end of Assyria.

It was also the rise of Media, which lasted as a monarchy for fifty-seven years after the fall of Nineveh. Then it was conquered by its own kinsfolk, the Persians.

II

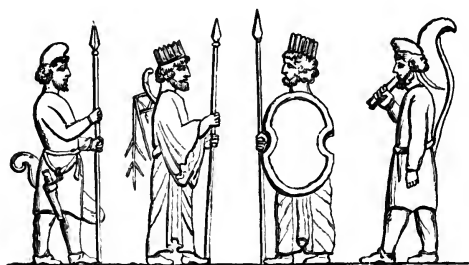
The Persians were now to play a very important part in the ancient world. They were akin to the Medes. At some unknown time, ages before, the ancestors of these two peoples had dwelt together in a land which their sacred writings call the *Aryana-Vaeja*, i.e. the "Home of the Aryans."

"When I prepared dwelling places upon the earth for

man," says the great Aryan god *Ahura-Mazda*, in the Avesta, "the first of my creations was the Aryana-Vaeja. I caused every one to love best his own land, although it had no attractions whatever. If I had not caused every man to love his own country above all others, then all mankind would have longed for the Aryana-Vaeja."

At what period, or in what region, the two tribes separated, we have no knowledge. At the time when their history begins, the Persians are the weaker of the two, for the Medes claim sovereignty over them. It is probable that the Medes, living so much nearer the great empire of Assyria, became a civilized people earlier than the Persians, which would account for their ruling over them.

The Persians lived to the southeast of Elam. Now for some time they had been creeping up along the



PERSIAN AND MEDIAN SOLDIERS

Gulf, gradually encroaching upon their neighbors. This was the road to Babylon, and toward this rich and powerful city the Persians now looked with longing eyes.

Babylon, too, had nearly lived out its day as an independent power, and was destined to die, though its great King Nebuchadnezzar, aware of the dangerous cloud which was rising on the far-off horizon, had taken the utmost pains to fortify all the cities of his kingdom, and especially to make the capital an almost impregnable

stronghold. He altered the course of the Euphrates and caused an immense reservoir, which is said to have been over thirty miles around, to be dug, to regulate the flow of the river, and dispose of its surplus waters when the spring floods came. He calculated that if an enemy invaded the country the waters of this huge basin could be let loose upon them.

Nebuchadnezzar also united the Tigris and Euphrates by canals, and built a gigantic wall across the valley. Xenophon the Greek tells us that this wall was a hundred feet high and twenty feet thick. In those old days, before the use of gunpowder, such a wall was a capital means of defense.

At Babylon itself, Nebuchadnezzar built a great bridge, having first, by means of his reservoir, emptied the river bed, that his workmen might lay the huge foundation stones, which were held together by iron clamps, and soldered with lead. He also surrounded the city with two walls. The outer one was of great extent, and inclosed land enough to raise grain and fodder in case the city should be besieged. It is said to have been forty miles long. This is the wall which the Hebrew prophet Jeremiah speaks of as "mounting up to heaven." It had a hundred gates, "all of brass, with brazen lintels and side-posts." The inner wall was scarcely less gigantic.

All these strong fortifications did Nebuchadnezzar raise, in the hope that his capital city would be able to resist any attack. He could now afford to sit down and wait for the enemy, but he did not live to see whether or not his precautions were to be successful.

Twenty-two years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar,

the Medes and Persians appeared before the walls of Babylon. Meanwhile, they had been busy conquering elsewhere. A clay cylinder says that they were "far-extended, of which, like the waters of the river, the number could not be told." Nabonidus was now king of Babylon, that monarch of whom we have heard as an archæologist, digging up the foundation stones of Naram-Sin, who lived so many centuries before him.

Now Nabonidus appears to have been very unpopular with the priests of Bel, who were powerful in Babylon. They complained that he slighted their great god. The Jews, too, were uneasy. Nebuchadnezzar had driven them out of their native land, forcing them to live in exile, where they had, to be sure, become rich and influential, but they now looked forward to the Persians as their deliverers.

Thus it is possible that the treachery of its own people delivered up the doomed city to its enemy. It is certain that there was no siege; the Persians captured the place without any fighting. The inscriptions state that Cyrus (or Kurush, as he was called in his own tongue), the Persian king, "descended to Babel. The streets were black (with people) before him. He promised peace to the city and all within it."

Thus passed away, in the year 539 B.C., the venerable Chaldæan empire, whose cities had begun their existence, we know not how many centuries before, in the dim ages of antiquity.

III

"I am Kurush, the King, the Akhæmenian," says Cyrus in his proclamations. Six of his royal line had been kings before him, running back to Akhæmenes, the founder.

We are told that before his time the Persians had no kings, each chief being the head of his own tribe. Then seven of these chiefs assembled and chose one of their number to be king, this being Akhæmenes, the wisest and bravest of the seven. But the six other chiefs reserved special privileges and were the king's counselors in all affairs of state.

Cyrus, king of Persia, was a great general and a wise statesman. Not only did he add Media, Elam, and Babylonia to his empire, but he knew how to treat the conquered people so well that they were glad to be under his rule. He paid the utmost respect to all the various religions. He set the Jews free, and bade them



BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING CYRUS

An inscription above reads: "I am Kurush, the King, the Akhæmenian."

return and build anew their temple, even giving permission to cut timber for it in his royal forests in Lebanon. He also gave back to them the sacred gold and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had stolen from the temple, and which, as we have seen, the impious Belshazzar had dared to profane.

It is probable that, if Cyrus had lived long enough, he would have added Egypt to his empire. His son Kambyses accomplished this. It is recorded that he "came up against Egypt, and all the nations of the world were

with him. He made himself master of the whole land, and bade them sit down there.”

The Persian empire was now the very largest which the world had ever seen, but it became still larger during the reign of Darius, the most remarkable of the royal line of



PART OF ARCHER'S FRIEZE IN
AN ANCIENT PERSIAN PALACE

the Akhæmenians. Kambyses left no son, and upon his death the crown passed to Darius, his cousin. Not without struggles, however, for Darius had enough to do during the first part of his reign. One province after another revolted, and as fast as he could put down one revolt, another would arise.

He finally succeeded in conquering his own provinces, and then went abroad for conquest. A part of India submitted to him; his armies marched to the north, conquering various barbarous tribes, and westward into Asia Minor. But here, on the shores of the Mediterranean, they found another Aryan people, the Greeks, who for many years had been settled in cities upon the coast. When Persians met Greeks, then began a bitter conflict which lasted for two hundred years, until it was ended by Alexander the Great.

A little beyond Agbatana, the ancient Median capital, rises a colossal cliff, known as the “Rock of Behistun.”

A green meadow stretches at the foot, dotted over with mounds, which are the ruin-heaps of the ancient town of Baghistana, the "place of gardens." Away up on the face of this cliff, which towers seventeen hundred feet into the air, Darius caused the rock to be smoothed down and polished, in order to cut upon it a narrative of great deeds of his reign.

Over one thousand lines of cuneiform writing, in three languages, Persian, Assyrian, and Elamite (or Susian, from the city of Susa, the capital of ancient Elam), give the narrative of the "Great King's" exploits. He wished each of the three great nations which owned his sway to read the story in its own tongue.

This is one of the most remarkable of rock inscriptions, and one of the most inaccessible. An Englishman, Sir Henry Rawlinson, copied it in 1844-1847. It took three years, at the risk of life and limb, and the cost of over \$5000.

Here is pictured the great king, attended by his guardian spirit, the Persian god *Ahura-Mazda*, who hovers over his head. A procession of prisoners approaches, with ropes around their necks, and hands tied behind their backs. There are nine of them, representing the ring-leaders of the various rebellions which Darius was obliged to put down. Around the picture are the tablets with the writing. Twenty countries are mentioned, which the great king subdued.

In later years Darius added yet more lands to his empire. His tomb inscription speaks of thirty. It says: "If thou thinkest thus — How many were the lands which King Darayavush ruled — then look upon this effigy; they

bear my throne, that thou mayest know them. Then shalt thou know that the Persian man's spear reaches far, that the Persian man has fought battles far away from Persia." ³⁶

The "Persian man" was great, for centuries; but he had one day to yield to a greater, the Greek.

THE HINDUS

THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF INDIA

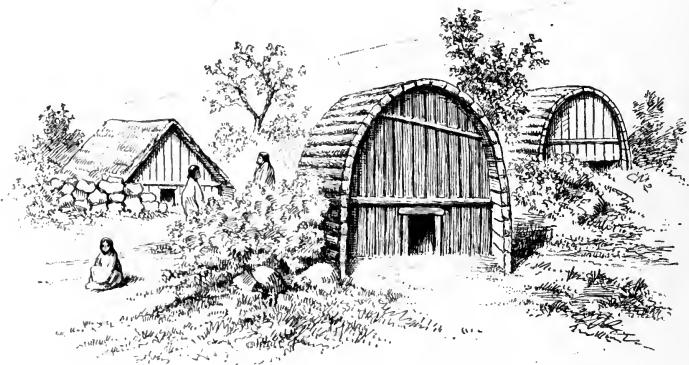
I

WE have seen in the previous chapter that two tribes of Aryan (*i.e.* "noble") lineage migrated from the common home of their race in central Asia or eastern Europe, and wandered to the south, where in time they became numerous and powerful enough to subdue the venerable empires which for so many centuries had flourished in the Tigris and Euphrates valleys.

At some very remote period, we know not whether before or after the Medes and Persians thus forsook the "Aryana-Vaeja," another branch of this "fair skinned," enterprising race detached itself from the parent tree. This tribe took an opposite path, and, crossing the rough, snowy defiles of the Himalaya Mountains, entered the country now called India.

Even at this early period, which some fix at ten, others at twenty, centuries before our era, India had a population of its own, a dark-skinned race, savages in the true sense of the word. We know very little about these people. Generation after generation lived and died, leaving behind

them little save the immense mounds and slabs of stone under which they buried their dead. These mounds are found scattered over India at the present day. From bits of copper, gold, and iron found in the graves, we learn that these people were acquainted with the use of metals. They also buried with their dead a rude kind of earthenware. Of their religion we know nothing, but the huge stone circles of upright slabs which they constructed lead



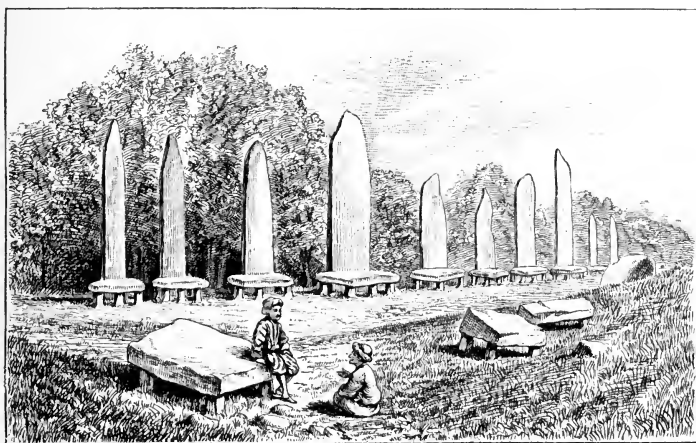
ANCIENT TYPE OF DWELLINGS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF INDIA

us to suppose that their worship may have been akin to that of the Druids of ancient Britain.

These rude people, however, were not the earliest settlers of India, but had been preceded by a still more barbarous race which hunted and warred with polished stone weapons. Earlier still are traces of a people who had not even learned to polish their implements.

The fair-faced invaders of India are known as the "Aryan Hindus," or the "Hindus of the Vedas," "Veda" being a Sanskrit word meaning "knowledge" or "lore,"

and the “Vedas” the most ancient sacred books of the Hindus. In their original home the Aryans seem to have been shepherds, judging by the number of words relating to cattle and pasture, which are to be found now, in somewhat differing forms, in all the many languages which have descended from the original Aryan speech.



PRIMITIVE STONE MONUMENTS IN NORTHERN INDIA

The Aryans had also learned to spin and weave, and they ate cooked food.

No sooner had the invaders crossed the mountains than they found themselves confronted with the “dark-skinned” savages. These seem to have been a fierce, fighting race, and a conflict began which lasted for centuries. But the invaders gradually pressed forward, advancing by communities from one valley to another, and pushing the aborigines farther and farther back, until eventually they had retreated into the mountains, or across the last of the

five rivers which traverse that part of India now called the Punjab.

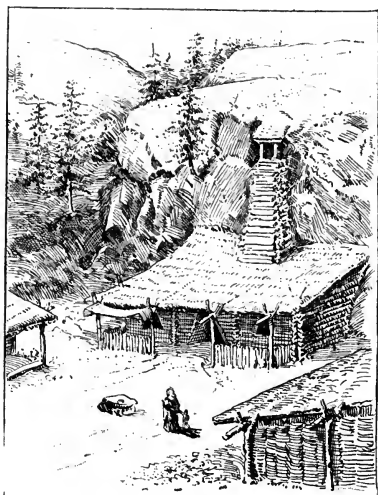
II

The Aryans were a powerfully built and finely featured race, who held their opponents in great contempt. The Mongolian features of these savages seem to have especially struck them as disagreeable and repulsive. The Vedic hymns revile them as "noseless," "flat-nosed," and praise their own "beautiful-nosed" gods, who have "slain the *Dasyus*, protecting the Aryan *color*," and "brought the

black-skin into subjection to the Aryan man."

The Hindus called their enemies *Dasyus*, — "enemies"; and *Dasas*, — "slaves," "feeders on raw flesh," "without gods," and "unknowing the sacrifice."

Having gained an abiding place, the invading tribes settled down and built towns and villages. Husbandry grew apace; they cleared away the vast forests, and built them-



AN ARYAN DWELLING

selves homes, surrounded by cornfields and pasture lands. They began to manufacture. Blacksmiths, carpenters, coppersmiths, weavers, and goldsmiths plied their trades.

All sorts of arts arose to fulfill the growing wants of a busy and civilized community. They built boats, and chariots for the fighting men, and even made suits of mail. Three thousand warriors clad in mailed armor are spoken of in the *Rig-Veda*. The goldsmiths made necklaces, golden pectorals for the breast, bracelets and anklets, and even golden crowns, which show the sumptuous habits of these people who formerly had been only simple shepherds. Yet they did not neglect their flocks and herds, which continued to the end to be one of the chief sources of their wealth.

During all these years of prosperity, impelled by that restless spirit of adventure and conquest which has ever characterized our white race, bands of pioneers were continually going forth from the Punjab, seeking fresh combat and new fields to conquer. They had firm trust in their gods, and in the strength of their own right arms. Their *Rishis*, or “seers,” encouraged them with stirring hymns, and prayers for success. Thus sings one of the inspired ones:—

“Indra, invoked by many, and accompanied by his fleet companions, has destroyed by his thunderbolt the *Dasyus* who dwelt on earth, and distributed the fields to his white worshipers. The thunderer makes the sunshine and the rain descend.

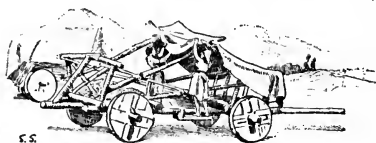
“Indra with his thunderbolt, and full of vigor, has destroyed the towns of the *Dasyus* and wandered freely. O holder of the thunderbolt! Be thou cognizant of our hymns, and cast thy weapon against the *Dasyu*, and increase the vigor and the fame of the *A'rya*.

“O Destroyer of foes! Collect together the heads of

these marauding troops, and crush them with thy wide foot! Thy foot is wide."

"O Indra! Rishis still extol thy ancient deed. Thou hast stormed the towns of enemies who worship no gods; thou hast bent the weapons of enemies who worship no gods." ¹²

Impelled by such martial hymns, and more and more eager for spoil, the invading bands pushed on, reaching the basin of the great river Ganges, whose course they followed to the sea. Eventually they spread over the whole peninsula. In this manner was India peopled with a proud, conquering, and intellectual race, which in ancient times as well as at present formed the noblest and most elevated part of its native population.



ARYAN WAGON

THE RELIGION AND LITERATURE OF THE VEDIC HINDUS

I

IT is pleasant to read about the religion of the ancient Hindus, and to find in such remote antiquity at least one Oriental nation whose deities are not disagreeable or repulsive. We turn in disgust from the goblins and demons of Chaldæan myth; we are repelled by the

harsh and bloody Asshur, whom the cruel Assyrians credited with such a barbarous delight in human torture; the Hittite and Phœnician gods are repulsive to the last degree; and even Yahveh, the original tribal god of the Hebrews, is a stern and revengeful taskmaster. There remain among the nations spoken of in this book only the Egyptians and Chinese, whose deities, if not exactly repellent, strike us as grotesque at least.

It is thus with a great feeling of relief that we turn to the gods of the ancient Hindus, which at the start were also those of the Medes and Persians, although the latter peoples, after they began to be nations by themselves, changed their original religion more than did the Hindus.

From the *Rig-Veda* we learn that the Vedic Aryans loved Nature and all that is beautiful and grand in its manifestations, — the “Father Heaven,” the “Mother Earth,” the “Encompassing Sky,” with its soft blue dome, the Rushing Wind, the Rain god, — such a beneficent friend to their pastures, — the majestic Storm gods who roared in the mountains, the glowing Fire, so warm and brilliant, the bright Sun, the “Friendly Day,” and the “Rosy Dawn.” These were *Devata*, the “Shining Ones,” three and thirty in number, “who are eleven in heaven, eleven on earth, and eleven dwelling in glory in mid-air.”

A free-hearted, brave, lofty-minded and joyous people, the Vedic Aryans could not imagine their gods otherwise than themselves; and it was not till many centuries had passed, when their religion had been made corrupt by mixture with the gloomy superstitions of the Mongolian aborigines, and also, perhaps, by the growing arrogance of their own priests, that the Hindu deities became the

bloodthirsty monsters with which the country is now afflicted.

The earliest Hindus made no images of their gods, and raised no temples to them. In this respect, also, they were much in advance of their neighbors, and approached nearer to a spiritual conception of godhead than any other Oriental nation, except the Hebrews.

Two gods only, *Agni* and *Soma*, were worshiped under symbols. *Soma* was the deified sacrificial wine, and *Agni* was worshiped under the symbol of the flame. He was considered to be a priest among the gods, and his presence was essential at funeral obsequies.

The earliest Hindus cremated their dead. They believed that the members of their race were "twice born," — once by natural birth when coming into the world, and again by the due performance of religious rites. When the flames wrapped the dead body upon the funeral pyre, *Agni*, by his heat and brightness, released the soul. Then it was that the deceased was born yet a third time, and admitted to the realm of the purified.

Agni was also worshiped as the flame upon the domestic hearth, which was lighted upon the marriage day and never allowed to go out.

The most prominent of all the Vedic gods seems to have been the "Sky which rains," whom they called *Indra*. In India the crops depend upon the abundance and regularity of rain. The Hindus pictured *Indra* as battling with the clouds, and compelling them to give forth their copious showers. This deity, so beneficent and yet so brave, became a great favorite with the Hindus, and to him they addressed many of their prayers and hymns.

"We sing the heroic deeds which were done by Indra the Thunderer. He destroyed Ahi (clouds), and caused rains to descend, and opened out the paths for the mountain streams to roll.

"Indra slew Ahi resting on the mountains; Tvashtri had made the far-reaching thunderbolt for him. Water in torrents flowed toward the sea, as cows run eagerly toward their calves.

"When you killed the eldest of the Ahis, you destroyed the artful contrivers. You cleared the sun, and the morning and the sky, and left no enemies behind.

"Indra slew the darkling Vritra (clouds) and lopped his limbs. Ahi now lies touching the earth like the trunk of a tree felled by the ax." ¹²

II

The greater part of the literature of ancient India is comprised in the "Sacred Lore" or *Vedas*, and in two immensely long epic poems, called the *Maha-Bharata*, or "Great Bharata," and the *Ramayana*, or "Poem of Rama." We will now proceed to examine these venerable specimens of literature.

The *Vedas* are four in number, of which one at least dates from the very earliest glimpse which we get of the Hindu immigrants. It is called the *Rig-Veda*, a collection of hymns of praise and supplication, over one thousand in number, which were composed by the *Rishis* or "seers" of the early Hindus, and sung by them in the assemblies of the people during their victorious march from the mountains across the Indus River and through the Punjab.

We can see the vast assemblage of tribes, after a wearisome day's march, settling at twilight around their camp-fires, while the white-robed Rishis and their assistants, having prepared the altars, pour forth the soma wine and offer up the sacrifice, chanting meanwhile hymns of thanksgiving for victory, or prayers for the coming day's success.

"When the battle is nigh, and the warrior marches in his armor, he appears like the cloud! Warrior, let not thy person be pierced; be victorious; let thy armor protect thee.

"We will win cattle with the bow; we will win with the bow; we will conquer the fierce and proud enemy with the bow! May the bow foil the designs of the enemy! We will spread our conquests on all sides with the bow.

"The string of the bow when pulled approaches the ear of the archer. It whispers words of consolation to him, and it clasps the arrow with a sound.

"Where men raise their banners and meet in battle, where the men look up to the sky and tremble, then, O Indra and Varuna! help us and speak to us.

"Indra destroys the enemy in battle; Varuna protects our pious rites. We invoke you with our praises. Bestow on us felicity, O Indra and Varuna."¹²

Writing being unknown among the ancient Hindus, the Vedic hymns were committed to memory by the Rishis and handed down from father to son. In this way, certain families came to have the monopoly of the sacred literature and the priestly offices. In time they formed a "caste," or class by themselves, which in after days developed into the powerful Brahman priesthood, a caste

which held itself to be the highest in the land, not even excepting kings and princes.

The ancient Rishis were held in great honor by their chiefs, for they had the power to implore the divine assistance and appease the anger of the gods. "That chief," says the *Rig-Veda*, "whom the priest accompanies, he only will have a stable government, and rule unquestioned over his people. The chief who bestows graciously to the priest, will be victorious and the gods will protect him." We may be sure that the Rishis took every means to impress this upon their chiefs, and interpreted defeat and victory accordingly.

The other *Vedas* resemble more or less the *Rig-Veda*. They are all of a devotional nature, and are ascribed to divine revelation. They constitute the "Bible" of the Hindus. From time to time, as the centuries went on, and writing had come into use, certain learned priests made compilations of these ancient texts, and appended to them "commentaries," — explanations and remarks of their own, — which are called collectively *Brahmana*, *Aran-yaka*, and *Upanishads*. These they claimed to have had divinely revealed to them.

THE MAHA-BHARATA AND THE RAMAYANA

I

THE MAHA-BHARATA

AN ancient city called *Hastinapur* was once founded in the Ganges valley by a chief named *Bharata*. He had emigrated thither from the Punjab. His royal line,

which claimed descent from the moon, reigned in Hastinapur for many generations, in peace and prosperity.

There came a time when the succession lay between two brothers named *Dhritarashtra* and *Pandu*. Dhritarashtra was blind, and was set aside in favor of his brother. After some years Pandu became tired of reigning, and retired with his two wives to the mountains, where he spent the time in hunting.

Five sons were born to

him, and in course of time Pandu died and was burned upon his funeral pyre, together with one of his wives, who, in accordance with ancient custom, sacrificed herself



A VILLAGE IN THE HIMALAYAS

to accompany her lord in his journey to the unknown world.

Pandu's other wife returned with the five boys to Hastinapur, where Dhritarashtra was now reigning. "And Raja Dhritarashtra wept much at hearing of the death of his brother, and duly performed the funeral rites of bathing and oblations of water to the soul of the deceased Pandu. And he received his sister-in-law and the five Pandavas with much affection, and they took up their abode in the palace along with the *Kauravas*, his sons, of whom he had a hundred." ⁴³

As the Pandavas grew to manhood they proved themselves vastly superior to their cousins, whose jealousy was thereby aroused. And the eldest of the *Kauravas* determined to kill the five, but they escaped to the forest, where they dwelt for some years. At length they returned to the Ganges valley, where they built a city, on the site of the modern Delhi.

After a time, the eldest Pandava lost all his possessions to his cousin by a game of dice. It was agreed that the Pandavas should give up their city and return to the forest for twelve years. If, during the thirteenth year, they were able to keep themselves in concealment, the kingdom should be restored to them.

After the expiration of the twelfth year, the five brothers take service at the court of King *Virata*. A quarrel arises, in which *Bhima*, one of the Pandavas, kills the queen's brother, who is commander of the royal forces. Learning of this doughty warrior's death, the *Kauravas* invade *Virata's* kingdom. The Pandavas prepare to defend it, and in a great battle, lasting eighteen days, the

Kauravas are all killed, and the Pandavas return in triumph to Hastinapur.

Dhritarashtra and his wife retire to the forest, where they shortly perish in a conflagration. The eldest Pandava, *Yudhishtira* by name, becomes king, but soon tiring of the life, abdicates, and the five brothers, accompanied by a faithful dog, set out to seek admission to Indra's heaven.

One by one the princes become weary and drop out by the way. Yudhishtira and the dog alone appear at the gates of heaven. Here the dog is refused admittance, and the king turns back rather than forsake his faithful attendant. The dog is now transformed into his true self, and turns out to be a god, who has thus put the compassion of Yudhishtira to the test. Heaven is now open to him, but learning that his brothers and his wife are expiating their sins in the under world, the faithful Yudhishtira refuses to enjoy delights which they cannot share. This also proves to be but a trial of his constancy, and he enters heaven, where all are joyfully reunited and live together through a blissful eternity.

This ancient poem is valuable as a faithful picture of life in the primitive cities of the Ganges. We learn to how great a degree of civilization they had attained. Sons of the nobility were trained from early youth in manly exercises and the use of weapons. Tournaments and tilts of arms were common at the various courts. Woman, far from being the insignificant and oftentimes oppressed creature which she became in the later history of India, was the equal of her husband, her brothers, and her sons. Young maidens bestowed the badge of victory

upon successful competitors in feats of arms, and although bloodshed and strife were frequent, it was not savage warfare, but conflict restrained by the laws of chivalry.

We should find the *Maha-Bharata* rather dull reading, but it has served to amuse and instruct many generations of Hindus. This immensely long work, consisting of the original poem and some additions, is comprised in one hundred thousand couplets, and is eight times as long as the Greek *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined.

II

THE RAMAYANA

THE *Ramayana* relates the adventures of Rama, a king's son. In his youth he made a long journey to a foreign court to inquire about a gigantic bow which no man had been able to handle. "And King *Janaka* showed him the great bow, the dreaded weapon of the god Rudra, which had been preserved in the royal house, and was worshiped with every honor. And the bow was laid in a huge chest which moved on eight wheels. And it was drawn into the presence of King Janaka and the prince by eight hundred men who were tall and strong, so heavy and stupendous was that great bow.

"And King Janaka said, 'I have promised to give my beautiful daughter Sita in marriage to that prince who shall bend the bow; and all the princes of the earth have come hither, and no one was ever strong enough to lift that bow from the ground.'

"Now when Rama saw the bow, he lifted it with one hand from the ground in a sportive manner, whereat the

great multitude looked on in deep amazement. Then Rama made the bow ready with a smile, and putting forth all his strength, bent the bow until it broke in the midst, and the noise thereof was like the crash of a falling mountain or the roar of Indra's thunderbolts. And all the people were stunned and fell to the earth." ⁴³

So Rama gained his bride and returned to his native city. His succession to the throne being disputed, he retires with his wife to the forest, where they dwell for ten years. Here he incurs the anger of a witch, who persuades her brother, the demon king of Ceylon, to carry off Sita.

Rama, accompanied by his brother, sets forth to rescue his wife. He traverses the length of the vast peninsula, having many wonderful adventures by the way. The two princes enter into alliance with the king of the monkeys, whose subjects assist by tearing up rocks and trees to build a bridge across the strait to the island of Ceylon. This bridge at the present day is still called "Rama's Bridge."

Rama slays the demon king and recovers Sita, with whom he journeys back to the Ganges. After some further tribulations, they pass the remainder of their lives in peace and joy.

THE CHINESE

THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

I

ON the opposite side of our globe there is a vast empire, whose frontiers stretch for twelve thousand miles. Four hundred millions of people live in its nineteen provinces. Such a large nation, living in such a vast country, is perhaps not very much to blame if it considers itself a very important part indeed of the world. Important or not, it is most assuredly a queer nation, claiming to be highly cultured, but with habits and customs utterly unlike all other civilized peoples.

It is China of which we are speaking, a land where, as the saying is, "everything that is modern is ancient, and all that is ancient is modern." The reason for this strange state of affairs is not far to seek. Century after century its people have clung desperately to all antiquated notions. Even to-day, a Chinaman loves dearly to think that he is doing exactly as his father, and all the rest of his ancestors have done, for hundreds of years.

If he makes a change, it has to be forced upon him and he fights it at every step. Until some fifty years ago we

might have termed China a huge fossil, so embedded was it in antiquated customs and ways. Hence, in studying the Chinese as they *are*, we study them to a large extent as they *were*; and the past of such an old-fashioned people is sure to teach us something of interest.



A CHINESE TEMPLE

It was somewhere within a few centuries of the time when Abraham, the ancestor of the Hebrews, was living at Ur of the Chaldees, and when Egypt's glory under the great and powerful twelfth dynasty had begun to wane; when in Asia Minor the Hittite tribes had begun to look longingly down from their mountains toward the fertile southern valleys which were to be their possessions, — it was at about this period that a small tribe living to the

southeast of the Caspian Sea started forth to find a new home for itself.

These people were not by any means savages. Their home bordered upon the great kingdom of Elam, whose rulers were already powerful enough to have conquered cities in Chaldæa, both borrowing from and giving to the Chaldæans many arts of civilization. Indeed, some believe that it was the Elamites who first practiced that form of writing which afterward became the cuneiform. At that remote period, this writing consisted of pictures, similar to the hieroglyphs of Egypt.

The little tribe from the Caspian is called in Chinese tradition the *Bak Sings*. They had learned much from the Elamites; they could write—after a fashion; they used the measuring scale, and balances for weighing; they manufactured a little in clay, in gold, silver, copper, and tin, but had not discovered the use of iron or bronze. Like the Chaldæans, they were star gazers, and had a rude astronomy. They used the decimal system, counting by tens, and they were even musical. The year they divided into twelve months. They carried along with them wheat, barley, and the grapevine. They made their own bows and arrows, plows, mortars, bellows, and ox wagons, and had the plumb line and the wedge.

Now these people, unlike the Euphrates emigrants, journeyed east instead of west. It is supposed that they entered China on the northwest, having traversed a weary stretch of country. "As they advanced, they found the land inhabited by 'fiery dogs on the north,' 'great bowmen on the east,' 'the ungovernable vermin on the south,' and the 'mounted warriors on the west.'" ¹¹

Thus quaintly did old Chinese writers name the savage people into whose lands their ancestors had thrust themselves. We do not know how long it took to conquer the land, probably many centuries. The invaders finally drove out or destroyed most of the natives. A remnant remained, which fled to the mountains, where its descendants live at the present day, but do not acknowledge the rule of the emperor of China.

II

The ancient books of the Chinese relate many tales



PWAN-KU CHISELING OUT THE UNIVERSE

about the early times of their race. The Chinese have always been a stolid people, somewhat lacking in imagination. Yet like other ancient nations, they have tried to picture the beginnings of all things, the formation of the earth, and the origin of their own race. These tales are not beautiful, or glowing with poetic fancy, like the myths of the Aryan races. They

are curious and grotesque, rather than attractive, but perhaps compare favorably with the early legends of most other Oriental peoples.

The picture shows us one of their fancies in regard to the formation of the earth. The burly *Pwan-ku*, armed with huge iron chisel and mallet, is splitting the primeval rocks which float through space. Pwan-ku was the first-born of the universe, and his parents were the two "powers," — something beyond the imagination of man to conceive.

Everything being in confusion and formless, Pwan-ku had to make his own dwelling place, and set to work at the rock upon which he found himself. He was not quite alone, having as companions a bird called the "phoenix," a dragon with human face and birdlike claws, and a huge tortoise with curious marks upon its shell. Whence these three monsters had originated we are not told.

For eighteen thousand years Pwan-ku labored at his task, and gradually the earth beneath and the heavens above grew under his chisel. He set the sun, the moon, and the stars in their proper places. He himself did not remain the same, but increased six feet in stature each day. Then he died, giving not only his labor, but his life and his very being to his mighty work; for "his head became mountains, his breath wind and clouds, and his voice thunder; his limbs were changed into the four poles, his veins into rivers, his sinews into the undulations of the earth's surface, and his flesh into fields; his beard was turned into stars, his skin and hair into herbs and trees, and his teeth, bones, and marrow into metals, rocks, and precious stones; his dropping sweat increased to rain."⁴⁶

The Chinese believe that the first human being was created especially to live in China, this great event occur-

ring two hundred and fifty millions of years before the time of their celebrated philosopher Confucius, who lived about 500 years B.C. Under a certain early king called the "Nest-having" the Chinese people first learned to shelter themselves in rude huts.

Another ruler discovered how to make fire by rubbing dry sticks together. This king also taught his people to keep a record of events by means of knots made in cords. Still another ruler formed his subjects into clans, invented nets for fishes, and even taught music. His name was *Fuh-he*, and he is regarded as the most wonderful of the ancient rulers, because he drew eight diagrams, supposed to represent the manner in which the earth originated.

Now these diagrams of *Fuh-he* have for ages been a puzzle to Chinese scholars. Regarding them as some profound mystery, they have racked their brains to explain them. Certain European scholars now believe these so-called diagrams to be nothing more than copies of rude marks made on the rocks, by savages who lived in China before the *Bak Sings* came in. Whether or not the diagrams ever had any particular meaning nobody knows, and probably nobody ever will know. But the Chinese regard them with admiring veneration. Some enterprising Chinaman of antiquity placed them as headings for the chapters of the oldest of all Chinese literary works, the *Yih King*, or "Book of Changes."

Another wonderful Chinese ruler discovered in one day no less than seventy different kinds of poisonous plants, and seventy others which proved to be antidotes for the poisons. This was the emperor *Chin-nung*, the "divine husbandman," so called from his agricultural tastes. "He

is now worshiped as the patron of the ground, and his conduct is imitated by the emperor, who every year sets his hand to the plow, to indicate his desire for agricultural prosperity." ²²

The wife of the next sovereign was the first person to unravel the cocoons of silkworms, and weave the threads into cloth, an industry which from unknown antiquity has been a source of especial wealth to China. Still another Chinese ruler was born with such intelligence that he could talk while still an infant. He grew up wiser than all his generation, tamed wild beasts for war, and subdued all his enemies. At one time, his army becoming lost in a mist, he found the way out by means of a magnetic pole attached to his chariot, which always pointed south.

The Chinese compass needle points to the south, and this narrative, though fanciful, shows that the Chinese had discovered the compass in great antiquity, probably centuries before any other nation.

Such are the tales which the Chinese relate of their remote past. When we reach historical times, a certain *Yaou* is reigning, a most wise and virtuous prince. In the next reign occurred the Chinese "Flood." This was nothing more than an extensive inundation, caused by the Yellow River bursting its bounds.

But the Emperor Shun had a man of talent among his people. *Ta Yu*, "Yu the Great," was set to the task of bringing the mighty river back again under control. He is said to have spent nine years about it, and was so bound up in his task that he forgot to eat and



NAME OF
YU THE GREAT.

sleep, and three times passed the door of his own dwelling without recognizing it. Then Yu made his report: "The emperor says, 'Approach the imperial presence, you have abundant communications to make.'" Yu worshiped, *i.e.* he performed the *Ko'tow*, which consisted of kneeling three times, and knocking his head nine times upon the ground. This has been the etiquette of obeisance at the Chinese court from time immemorial.

Yu said: "May it please your Majesty, how can I speak? My thoughts were unweariedly and incessantly employed day by day. The deluge rose high. It spread wide as the spacious vault of heaven. It buried the hills, and covered the mountains with its waters, into which the common people, astonished to stupefaction, sank. I traveled on dry land in a chariot, on water in a boat, in miry places on a sledge, and climbed the hills by spikes in my shoes. I fed the people with raw food; I found a way for the waters to the sea, by cutting nine channels. The waters subsided, and I taught the people to plow and sow, meanwhile they ate uncooked food. Then ten thousand provinces were restored to prosperity. May your Majesty now be attentive to the duties and honors of the throne, and rest in the highest point of virtuous government." ²²

Thus ended the great deluge, which was of sufficient importance to be recorded as a great event in Chinese history. We are told that the people were so grateful to Yu, that on the death of Shun they made him emperor. Ta Yu engraved an account of his exploits on a rock near the source of the Yellow River. This inscription is considered the most ancient of Chinese writings. It contained seventy-seven words, written with what are called

"tadpole" symbols, so named from their fancied resemblance to that animal.

It has been doubted by many whether the *Yu-fai*, "Tablet of Yu," ever existed, although there are deposited in the government library at Peking what are said to be copies of this ancient inscription. Others believe that the tablet may have actually existed, but is perhaps much later in time than the reign of Yu. Yu was said to be nine cubits in height, and in his time the skies rained gold.

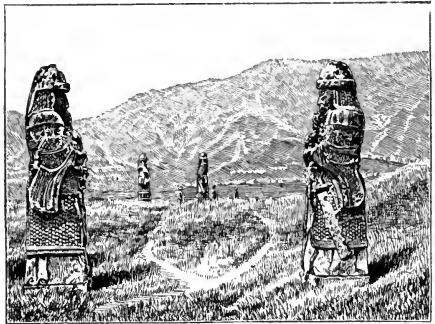


ONE OF THE WORDS FROM
THE INSCRIPTION OF YU
THE GREAT.

III

As the centuries passed on, the tribe of Bak Sings had grown into a great nation. They were ever pressing east and south, and in time occupied the vast stretch of country which we now call China. They were not to possess the land in peace. Barbarian hordes of Tatars hovered on the borders, and were continually harassing the northern provinces. The Chinese fought bravely against these fierce savages, and repeatedly drove them back.

About 250 B.C. a great emperor named *Che Hwang-ti*



COLOSSAL FIGURES IN CHINA GUARDING THE
TOMBS OF THE KINGS

led an army of three hundred thousand men against the Tatars, and completely routed them, driving them back into their strongholds in the mountains of Mongolia. Then Che Hwang-ti was seized with the brilliant idea of inclosing the whole northern border of his vast empire within a gigantic wall which should forever keep out his savage enemies.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Thus was built *Chang-chung* the "Great Wall of China," which extends twelve hundred miles, and is about twenty feet high, and fifteen feet wide at the top. Che Hwang-ti did not live to see it completed.

In spite of his military talents, this great emperor made himself very unpopular. Seeing his people so devoted to all their ancient customs, he determined to destroy once

for all the ancient books, which were studied throughout the empire, hoping in this way to make his people less mindful of the past, and more inclined to progress. All works except those on medicine, magic, and agriculture were ordered to be burned. Many learned men were put to death who refused to give up their venerable books.

The emperor's attempt was in vain. He could not change his people. As soon as he was dead, or as the Chinese express it, "became a guest in heaven," out from every conceivable place came copies of the books, which their owners had hidden in the walls of their houses, and even in wells and river beds. The Chinese refused to improve; they much preferred to do as their fathers had done, rather than accept the newfangled notions of even an emperor as valiant as Che Hwang-ti.

Not all the precious books could be found, and great was the mourning among Chinese scholars over the loss of their venerated *Shoo King*, or "Book of History." At length a large part of it was recovered from the lips of a blind man who had committed it to memory. Seventy years later, when Confucius's house was pulled down, a complete copy of the precious work was found hidden in its wall.

China continued to have varying fortunes as the centuries passed on. Dynasty succeeded dynasty. When an emperor was good and treated his people well, they gave him their respect, and loved and honored him. Cruel and oppressive rulers were sometimes dethroned. The government of China is now, and always has been, a despotic monarchy, where the emperor holds the life and death of his people in his own hand. Yet even the emperor of China can oppress his subjects only to a certain extent.

From the earliest times, the sages of China have taught as a sacred precept, the right of the people to rebel against, and even put to death, an unjust ruler.

China suffered much from quarrels and wars among her own provinces. In addition, she was continually harassed by the fierce Mongolian tribes on her borders. At length, in 1644, the Manchu Tatars skirted the Great Wall, and marched victoriously through the empire. They captured Peking and set one of their own princes on the throne. The Manchus have ever since kept control of China.



LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE

I

THERE is no other nation of the present time which writes with such peculiar and complicated characters as the Chinese. Their written symbols may be described as a tangled-up mass of lines, perpendicular, horizontal, zigzag, of sweeps, curves, hooks, etc., embellished with numberless dots and dashes. Some contain as many as thirty lines and dots, and the making of these is by no means the only difficult part of the task which the unfortunate Chinese schoolboy has to conquer in learning to read and write.

For his written language contains the enormous number of nearly forty thousand characters. But young pupils are not required to learn the whole of these, some seven or eight thousand being all that are required for common

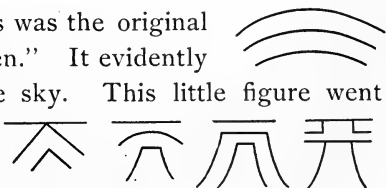
use. Even these seven or eight thousand one would imagine quite enough to discourage any school child. It is a piece of good fortune for Chinese children that they are generally gifted with remarkable memories, inherited from generation after generation of ancestors who were obliged to go through similar tasks.

Chinese is generally considered a monosyllabic language, because each one of its written symbols answers to a little word of one syllable. It has no letters, and hence no alphabet. A distinct character is necessary for every single word.

All Chinese written symbols were undoubtedly in the first place simply pictures. The Bak Sings brought some of these along with them when they came into China. As they became more and more civilized, new words were needed to express new ideas, and for every one of these new words a picture had to be invented, or an old one added to, or changed. In this manner the written language grew, alongside of the spoken.

These symbols were altered, a little at a time, from century to century, exactly as were those of other ancient nations, and little by little lost resemblance to the original pictures. Not many examples of ancient Chinese pictorial characters are known, but in these we can note the changes through which the little figures have passed, to become what they now are.

Thus, three curved lines was the original Chinese picture for "heaven." It evidently represents the arch of the sky. This little figure went through these changes



until it finally stopped at (1), which is *tien*, modern Chinese for "heaven." *Tien-tsze* (1)(2), "Son of Heaven," is one of the titles of the emperor of China.



(1)

(2)



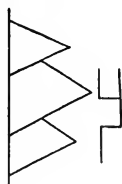
(3)



(4)



(5)



(6)



(7)



(8)



(9)



(10)

tary places.

The old Chinese picture of a bird (7) has now become (8), and fish (9) has changed to (10). We cannot find many very ancient symbols because of the loss of so many old books when Che Hwang-ti ordered their destruction.

Though the Chinese language is expressed in writing by such an enormous number of characters, it has in reality but a few sounds. There are only about five hundred, to divide up among all the characters. Hence it follows that a great variety of

The ancient symbol (3) is plainly intended for three mountain peaks, now written as in (4). Modern Chinese *sian*, which means "hermit," came from the old figures in (5). Now suppose we turn this picture over (6); when we look at it in this position, it is easy to see what the character at the right was meant for, — nothing less than the outline of a man, with uplifted arm, as if begging, or praying; and the mountain was put there because hermits live in solitary places.

symbols have precisely the same pronunciation, though each symbol means something different from all the others.

For instance, there are sixty different characters called *tsan*. Each *tsan* means something different from all the other *tsans*. Eighty characters are called *le*, a hundred *chin*, one hundred and eighty *ke*, and *e* has as many as two hundred and sixty-five symbols belonging to it, — and so on. The different *tsans*, *kes*, *les*, etc., are distinguished from each other by means of “keys.”

These Chinese “keys” were also pictures in the beginning, — ideographs, idea pictures, such as the Egyptians and Chaldæans used in their writing to explain a word written by sound. Instead of putting the idea picture, or key, at the end of a word, as did the Egyptians, or before it, like the Chaldæans, the Chinese put the key almost anywhere. Sometimes it is at the right, sometimes at the left. Sometimes it is found in the middle, or crowded into a corner. Often it appears at top or bottom, and occasionally it extends all around the rest of the word.

There are two hundred and fourteen keys, which must be thoroughly learned, if one is to make out the intricate puzzle of a Chinese word.

II

But how is it with the language when spoken? Here the keys used in writing are of no use, since they are meant only to look at, and never pronounced. How, for instance, is the word *ngo* going to be understood, when it has no less than twenty-seven different meanings? It is quite easy to tell which *ngo* it is when written, since then each

one of the twenty-seven is explained by its key. The Chinese have invented three ways to get over this difficulty.

The first way is to use along with the word a second one which has about the same meaning. A Chinaman does not say simply that he "hears," but that he "hears perceives," and instead of "going," he "proceeds goes"; when he "sees," he "peeps and sees"; if a thing is "good," it is "perfectly unattainable good," etc.

The second way is by putting what has been called a "classifier" between the word and what precedes it. Thus *pa* means "to grasp." *Yih taou* means either a knife, a boot, or a fringe, but *yih pa taou* is "a grasped knife," or "one grasped knife," the Chinese using the numeral *yih*, "one," for our article "a."

The third method is by means of the tone in which a word is spoken. Suppose we wished to pronounce our words *right*, *write*, *wright*, and *rite* in such a way that there could be no mistaking which was meant. Suppose we all agreed to pronounce *r-i-g-h-t* in a perfectly even tone, with no emphasis, we will represent it with a dash, — *right* —. This would be what the Chinese call the "upper even tone." If *w-r-i-t-e* were always pronounced like a question, — *write*?, we could easily distinguish it from *r-i-g-h-t* —. For *w-r-i-g-h-t* and *r-i-t-e* we might adopt respectively *right* ∖ (falling tone) and *rite* —; (short abrupt tone).

The Chinese have eight of these tones, but as a matter of fact only four are in common use. The tones are said to be a comparatively modern invention.

The four hundred millions of people who live in modern China write with the same characters, and this writing means just the same to every one of them. A Chinaman

could write a letter to another Chinaman, no matter from what province, and the latter could understand it perfectly, provided he had learned to read and write.

But suppose these two Chinamen meet—could they talk together? No, not unless they came from the same province. There are many dialects, or peculiar ways of speaking, in China, hardly any two provinces using the same words. It is said that a man from Canton could not talk to a man from Shanghai, and a Ningpo Chinaman might chatter all day to one from Yangchow, in vain; they would be obliged to write to each other, though sitting side by side at the same table.

The written language is called *wen-li*, and it is said that “in all probability it has never been a *tongue*, but a dead, unuttered, yet living and powerful, means of communication.”⁵⁵ Whether this is so, or not, there is certainly a strange state of affairs, all owing to the fact that each Chinese written character, with its key attached, has a fixed meaning, which the *eye* immediately reads, and which is never changed. In this respect it certainly has some advantages over spelling by means of sounds. Yet we should hardly care to change our easy, rapid method for the antiquated, cumbrous writing of China.

According to a legend, it was a very wise man who lived in fabulous antiquity who first invented writing for the Chinese. By observing the shape of the constellations in the heavens, the print of a horse's hoof in the sand, and the marks and lines on the shell of a tortoise, he was led to invent the Chinese characters.

To the Chinese must be given the credit of inventing, not only the compass, but the art of printing as well.

Without the magnetic needle, no extensive commerce by navigation would be possible, and it is hard to see how the world could make much progress without the printing press. Some writers claim that the Chinese printed their "Nine Classics," ancient books held even to-day in such veneration that they are studied through the whole of the great empire, from engravings made upon stone as early as the second century of our era.

However this may be, it is certain that in 593 A.D. an imperial decree ordained that the Classics should be engraved on wood, and published. About the middle of the tenth century a blacksmith invented some rude movable types. This was nearly five hundred years before types were invented in Europe.

The Chinese have always been a literary people, fond, above all other literary pursuits, of compiling histories, and making huge dictionaries and encyclopedias. They have a collection of twenty-one histories, from the third century B.C. down to the seventeenth A.D. The British Museum in London has a copy of this work, and it fills sixty-six huge folio volumes. One Chinese geography contains three hundred and fifty-six books.

But the most remarkable work of all is a huge encyclopedia compiled under the emperor Kang-he, who reigned from 1661 to 1721. This work is contained in five thousand and twenty volumes!

It rejoices in the name *Kin ting koo kin t'oo shoo tseih ching*, — in plain English, "A Complete Collection of Ancient and Modern Books." It was so costly that only one hundred copies were printed, which the emperor gave away to princes and court officials.

SPECIMENS OF CHINESE LITERATURE

THE FLOWER FAIRIES

(Abridged and adapted from Balfour's *Chinese Scrap-book*)

A THOUSAND years or so ago, there lived in China a learned man named Hsuan-wei. This man had only two passions,—books and flowers. With these he spent his days, and well-nigh his nights, so devoted was he to both. No visitor was permitted to penetrate his dwelling, and his garden, equally prized and guarded, was jealously closed to all intruders. Even the servants dwelt apart, and were admitted only when their services were absolutely necessary.

Through the hedge, envious passers-by could catch glimpses of a magnificent mansion, surrounded by a wilderness of flowers, green alleys, and verdant banks. The perfume of this garden penetrated to the distant streets.

In this small paradise, Hsuan-wei had passed thirty years of a happy though selfish life, tending his flowers by day, and by night poring over his beloved books. One evening a strange event broke in upon the monotony of this uneventful existence.

Hsuan-wei was wandering in his garden, somewhat later than was his wont, lingering in its alleys, and loath to leave the glorious beauty of thousands of blossoms which gleamed in the moonlight. Not a twig was stirring, but Hsuan-wei was so enthralled by the spirit of the flowers, that, as he gazed upon a distant shrub, it seemed to him to take on the form of a beautiful maiden, clothed in palest blue, who with stealthy steps advanced to meet him.

Hsuan-wei was awe-struck, but recovering his sense and his politeness, he managed to stammer, "Who are you?"

The Lady of the Azure Robe smiled graciously upon him. "I am your neighbor," said she. "I dwell not far away. I am passing to visit a friend, and my attendants are without. Will you permit that we rest awhile in this lovely garden?"

Hsuan-wei was strangely enchanted by the words and mien of the Azure Lady, and gave a willing consent, whereupon a throng of lovely beings entered the garden, floating in a charming circle round about him.

"I am the Aspen," said a maiden in a green robe. "And I am the Plum," said another. "I am the Peach, I the Pomegranate, I the Apricot," proclaimed three others in chorus. "We are all sisters," said the Aspen. "We dwell together. We are on the way to visit our aunt, the Lady Wind, who for a long time has promised to visit us, but has failed to keep her promise. You love flowers and protect them, and in passing we wish to make you our friend."

Just then came in the Azure Lady, who announced that Lady Wind had arrived. All the maidens fluttered forward to greet her, and begged her to sojourn awhile, to which she graciously consented.

Into Hsuan-wei's pavilion they all crowded, and the philosopher came forth from his hiding place, whither he had fled when the Lady Wind entered the garden. He gazed at her, as she floated along upon gossamer wings, but her words were cold and chill, and her breath froze the life-blood in his veins.

Nevertheless did Hsuan-wei desire to pay all respect to

her ladyship, to whom he gave the seat of honor at his table. All the others gathered around. In the twinkling of an eye the choicest viands appeared upon the board, and the most costly and sparkling wines. Thus in feasting and good fellowship did Hsuan-wei and his guests pass the night hours.

But the Lady Wind was a captious dame, and became angered with little Pomegranate, whose crimson robe she ruined by a deluge of wine. Whereupon Pomegranate, incensed, left the pavilion, and Lady Wind, in offended majesty, gathered up her robes and departed likewise, toward the east, leaving the guests much disturbed at her anger. They, too, soon thanked their host, and floated out and away, disappearing in the spot where the flowers were thickest, and were seen no more.

Hsuan-wei sprang up and gave chase, but he stumbled and fell. And lo! when he arose, not only could he see no one, but around him in his pavilion, not a sign of the banquet! Each chair stood in its accustomed place, and the festive board was unsoiled. The glasses and broken food had all vanished! "Was it all a dream?" asked Hsuan-wei of himself, rubbing his eyes, and he retired thoughtfully to his house.

At eventide on the following night, he entered his garden in excited expectancy. Nor was he disappointed. All at once, the happy crowd of his elfin friends surrounded him, though they did not seem to note his presence. All were engaged in urging little Pomegranate to make her peace with Lady Wind.

"Indeed, I shall not!" cried Pomegranate. "Ask pardon of that horrid frosty old woman? No, indeed! She

can do us no mischief. Here is our dear old friend who will protect us," and she smiled persuasively upon Hsuan-wei.

All the sisters fluttered with delight. "You see," said one, turning to the philosopher, "all we sisters live in your garden, and every year we are chilled by the malignant gales, so that we never feel at ease. We often ask the Lady Wind to protect us, but now, alas, Pomegranate has made her angry, and she turns from us. If you, dear old friend, will only help us, we shall be *so* grateful."

"But, ladies," said the bewildered Hsuan-wei, "how can *I* be a help to you?"

"That is easy," rejoined Pomegranate. "You have only to make a large red banner, and embroider it with the sun, moon, and stars. Then hoist this flag to the east of the flowers, whenever there is the faintest breath of wind from the east. Then we shall be safe."

"I shall be most happy to do you such a slight favor, ladies," responded Hsuan-wei gallantly.

The crowd of sisters thanked him in chorus, and Hsuan-wei thought he had never heard such beautiful melody. They waved him their adieus, and departed as mysteriously as they had come.

As for Hsuan-wei, he set to work in all haste to make the flag. Having finished it, he arose before daylight, and finding the wind to the east, set up the flag as requested.

No sooner had he done this, than a terrific hurricane broke forth. The wind howled, the rain beat down, dust and stones danced through the air, and the trees on the streets were torn up by the roots, and chaos reigned.

But lo! in his own garden peace reigned supreme. Not a flower quivered, not a blossom fell to the ground. Then

was the truth revealed to the soul of Hsuan-wei, and he knew that his elfin friends were but the spirits of his own dear flowers.

As evening fell, all the fairies came forth, garlanded with blossoms, to render him their grateful thanks. "We know," said one, "that we cannot sufficiently reward our faithful protector. But take these blossoms. If you eat of them, you will have the gift of immortal youth. Take them, dear friend, and long may you live to be our guardian and protector."

So Hsuan-wei took the fairy flowers, and ate them. And lo! his face grew like unto that of a youth, and his skin became fair and delicate. He felt new life and force coursing through his veins. Then he attained to True Knowledge, and shared the immortality of the blessed Genii.

A MORAL LESSON

(From the ancient Chinese *She-K'ing*, or "Book of Odes." Translated and rendered into English verse by Dr. James Legge of Oxford)

All true words fly, as from yon reedy marsh
The crane rings o'er the wilds its screaming harsh.
Vainly you try, reason in chains to keep,—
Freely it moves, as fish sweeps thro' the deep.
Hate follows love, as 'neath those sandal trees
The withered leaves the eager searcher sees.
The hurtful ne'er without some good was born,—
The stones that mar the hill will grind the corn.

All true words spread, as from the marsh's eye
The crane's sonorous note ascends the sky.
Goodness throughout the widest sphere abides,
As fish round isle and thro' the ocean glides.

And lesser good near greater you shall see,
 As grows the paper shrub 'neath sandal tree.
 And good emerges from what man condemns,—
 Those stones that mar the hill will polish gems.

WHICH WAS THE DREAM ?

(Abridged and adapted from Balfour's *Chinese Scrap-book*)

A man was once gathering fuel in the woods, when a deer crossed his path. He killed it, and having no time to transport it to his house, hid the carcass in a ditch, covering it with leaves. Then he went back to his work.

At night he bethought himself of his deer, but could not recollect where he had hidden it. "It must have been a dream, after all," said he, and took his way homeward, talking the affair over with himself as he went.

A passer-by heard his words, went in search of the deer, found it, and carried it home. He related the story to his wife: "A woodcutter dreamt he had killed a deer, but could not remember where he had hidden it. Now I have found that deer, so his dream must have been a true one, after all."

"Nonsense," said his wife. "It is you who had the dream. There never was any woodcutter at all. It is you who have found a deer, so it must be you who had the true dream."

In the meantime the woodcutter went home, much annoyed and perplexed about his deer. That very night he had a dream, which revealed to him where he had put the carcass, and who had stolen it. So he hastened in the morning to claim his property. The men quarreled over it, and appealed to the magistrate.

After carefully listening to the case, the magistrate gave the following decision: "The plaintiff, in the first instance, really did get a deer, and then foolishly said that it was all a dream. He really did dream about the man who afterward found it, and then foolishly said that his dream was a reality. The defendant really took the deer, and now disputes its possession with the plaintiff. The defendant's wife says her husband only dreamt of the man and the deer, so that, according to her, neither of them got it. However, here we have a deer before us, so I decide that it be equally divided between the contending parties."

When the affair came to the ears of the prince, he said, "The magistrate must have dreamt the whole case himself." He consulted his prime minister, but the minister was unable to distinguish the dream part of the business from the actual occurrence. Said he: "There have been only two men, the Yellow Emperor and the sage Confucius, who were able to distinguish dreams from the waking state. They are both dead, so nobody can discover the truth of this matter. Your Majesty can do nothing better than uphold the decision of the magistrate."

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE TIGER

(Abridged and adapted from Giles's *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*)

There was once an old woman who had an only son, to whom she was much attached. One day this son went up into the hills, and was eaten by a tiger, whereupon his mother was so overwhelmed with grief that she hardly desired to live. She ran and told her story to the magis-

trate, who laughed at her, and told her that neither he nor the law had any power over a tiger.

The old woman, however, refused to be turned away, and persisted in her complaints, until at length the magistrate, in order to pacify her, promised to have the tiger arrested.

Even then she would not depart, but insisted upon seeing the warrant issued. The magistrate, thus pressed, asked which one of his subordinates would be willing to undertake the job. A drunken man consented, whereupon the old woman departed satisfied.

Now when the drunken man, whose name was Li-neng, came to his senses, he repented that he had been so accommodating. "However," thought he, "it was only a trick of the magistrate to get rid of the woman. I need take no notice of it," and he soon handed in the warrant, as if the job had been accomplished.

But the magistrate had no idea of letting him off, and Li-neng, much terrified at the prospect of seeking for a man-eating tiger, begged that he might employ all the hunters of the district to assist him in his task.

They spent day and night for a month trying to find a tiger. Meanwhile, Li-neng had been repeatedly bastinadoed for remissness of duty, until at length, in despair, he betook himself to a temple, where he prayed long and fervently to the god to help him in his trouble.

His prayers were heard, for soon a huge tiger walked into the temple. Li-neng was horribly frightened, expecting each moment to be eaten alive. But the tiger remained crouching in the doorway, and took no notice of him at all, whereupon Li-neng plucked up courage and addressed the animal : —

“O Tiger, if thou didst slay the old woman’s son, suffer me to bind thee with this cord.”

The tiger made no resistance, the cord was fastened around his neck, and Li-neng led him in triumph before the magistrate. “Did you eat the old woman’s son?” asked the magistrate. The tiger gravely nodded his head. “The law has ever been that murderers shall suffer death,” said the magistrate. “This old woman had but one son. You have taken away her sole support. But if you will be a son to her, you shall be pardoned.”

The tiger again nodded assent, and was released, whereat the old woman was greatly incensed.

The next morning, what should she find upon her doorstep but a dead deer.

She sold the skin and flesh, and bought herself food. Each day thereafter the tiger brought her a gift, so that in time she amassed great riches, and became very well disposed toward her hairy friend. The tiger often spent whole days upon her veranda, and the two became much attached to each other.

In course of time the old woman died. The tiger, returning and finding her dead, entered the house and roared his lamentations. She was rich, and her heirs gave her a splendid funeral. While the mourners were standing around the grave, a tiger rushed up, whereupon they all scattered in fear. But the tiger had merely returned to perform a filial duty. He went up to the mound, roared like a thunder peal, and then vanished, and was never seen again.

The people of that place built a shrine in honor of the Faithful Tiger, and there it remains even to the present day.

CHINESE PROVERBS

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

A good horse needs but one stroke, a wise man but one word.

Better to ask one's self than to ask others.

The tree planted by chance often gives shade.

A good bee will not touch a faded flower.

Although the sea is wide, ships sometimes meet.

You cannot stop the birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from stopping to make nests in your hair.

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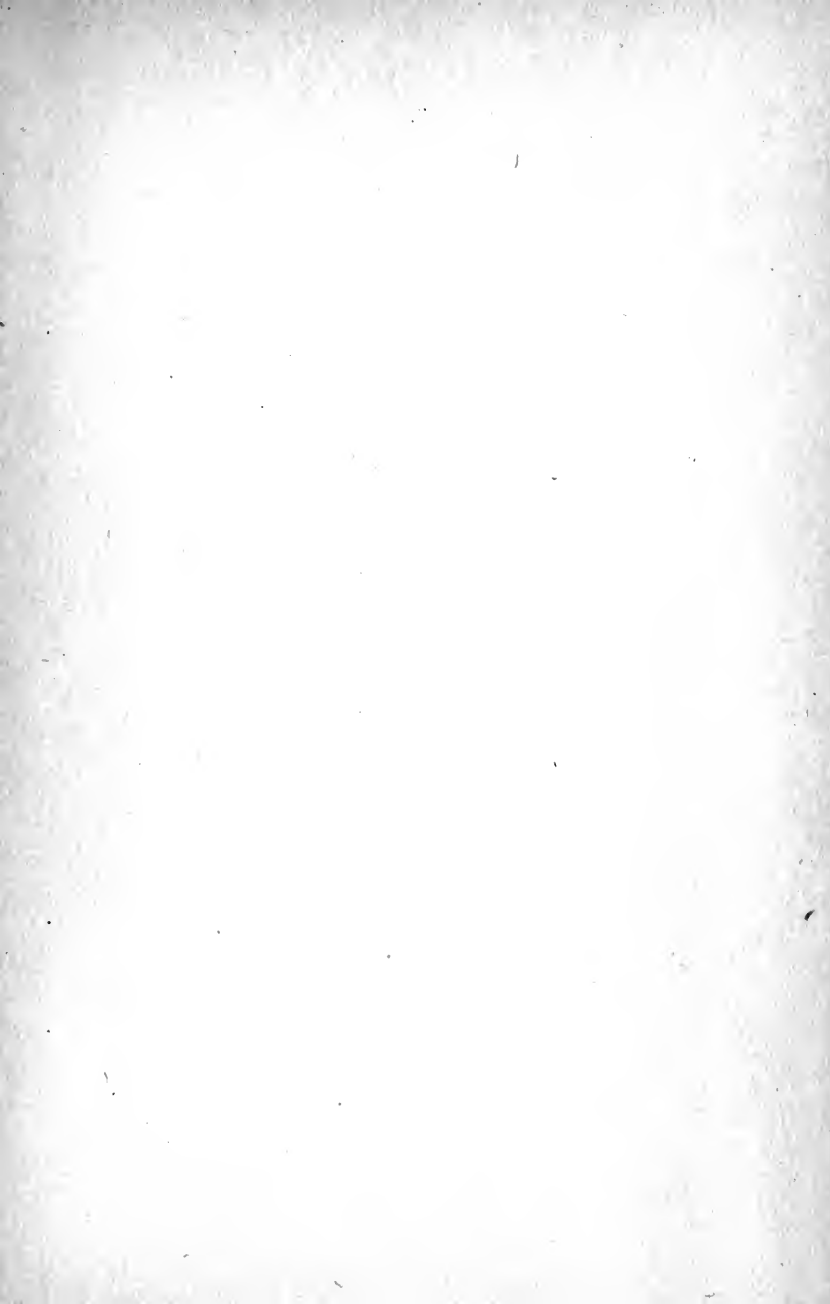
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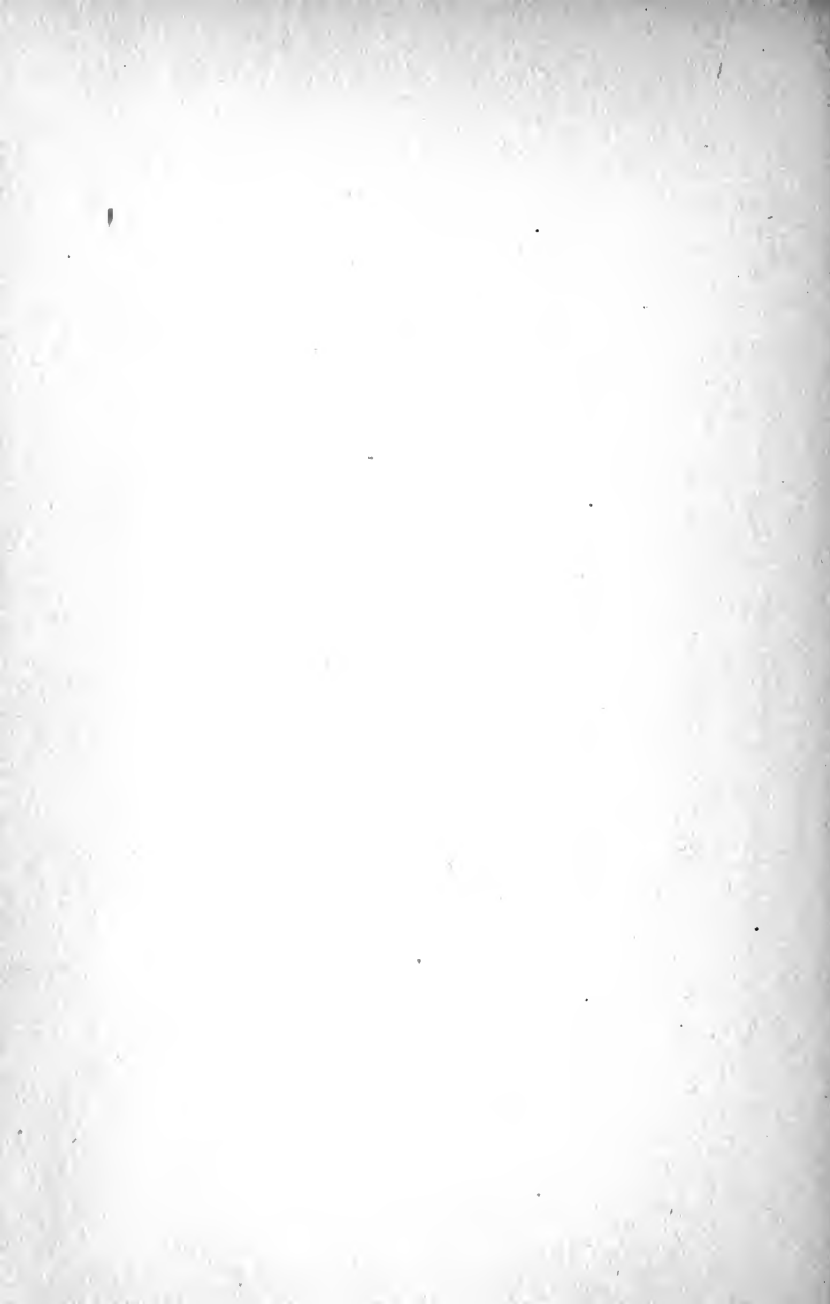
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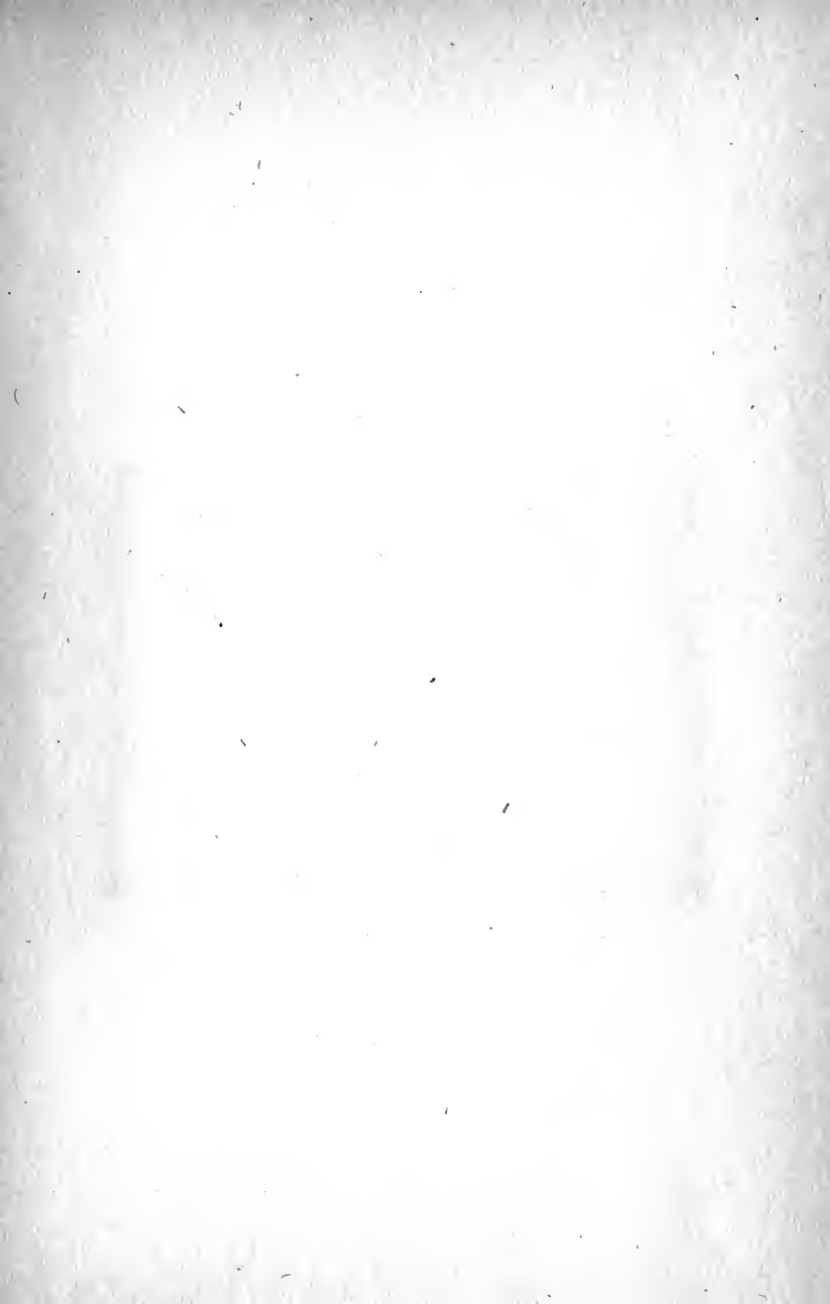
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